JOHN PAUL JONES ANCESTRY

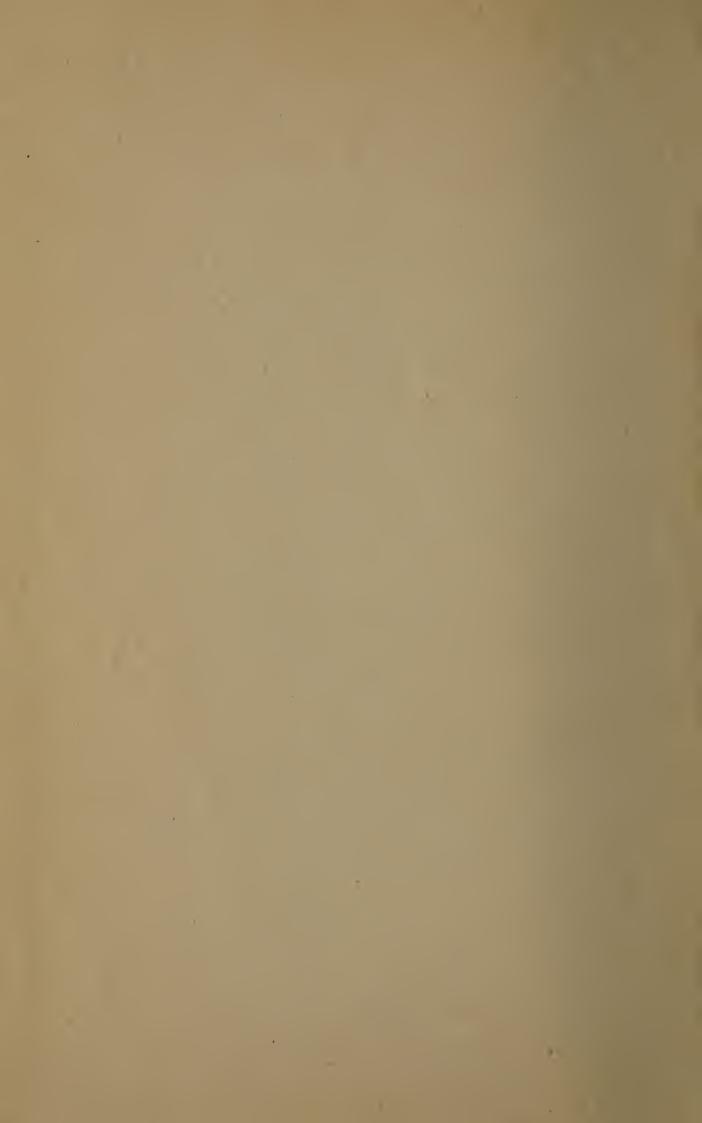
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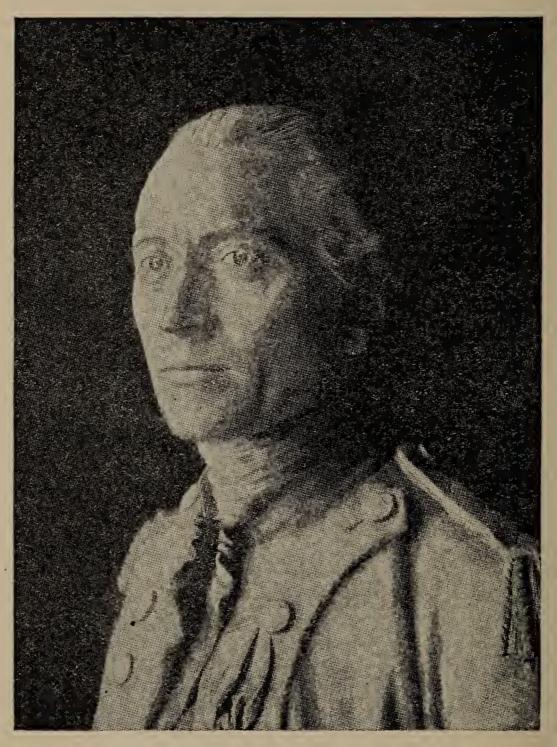








JOHN PAUL JONES and HIS ANCESTRY including HIS LAST DAYS



Houdon Bust of John Paul Jones

JOHN PAUL JONES and HIS ANCESTRY

by William R. Jones

together with HIS LAST DAYS

by Joseph G. Branch

ILLUSTRATED

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By
WILLIAM R. JONES

and
JOSEPH G. BRANCH

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CONTENTS

Page
FORWARDvii
PART ONE
PART TWO
ADDRESS OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT231
ADDRESS OF GENERAL HORACE PORTER237
EXTRACT FROM BOOK245 "Memoirs of a Southern Woman"
BIBLIOGRAPHY255
ILLUSTRATIONS
HOUDON BUST OF JOHN PAUL JONESFrontis
HELMY WEISSERICHvi
ALLEN JONES, JOSEPH HEWES, WYLEY JONES. 246
RUINS OF "THE GROVE"248
THE HOME OF WYLEY JONES250
THE JONES-BRANCH COAT OF ARMS254



FOREWORD

When a small boy, one of the first things the author can remember discussed around the humble fireside, on long winter nights, was of a time in the long ago when there had been a "golden age" revelled in by our ancestors, many of whom were among the greatest personages of the earth; and our present reduced condition was often compared with this former grandeur.

It seemed that in times past we had numerous kings, princes and lords as ancestors, Welsh and Norman, as well as Dane and Frank; and that our best beloved ancestor was a British (Welsh) king known to history as "Cadwallader the Blessed."

It then seemed that after a long dearth of noted men in our lines there had appeared another family hero, a kind of atavism as it were, who had inherited all the mentality and all the courage of all his ancestors, together with their learning, and that he had gone out into the world when a boy, from a home as humble as our own, and made his fame to encompass the earth.

As time passed, this hero came to be revealed to the writer as John Paul Jones, the man who during the American Revolution had captured one of the greatest vessels in the English Navy, with a rotten old ship that had been given an almost unpronounceable French name; and that this was but one of the numerous things he had done to shed luster on the family name.

Was told that this hero had an American born ancestor named Cadwallader Jones, the same name as that of four paternal grandfathers of the writer; and that Paul's line and one branch of our line met in one man in Wales. who died some time around the year of 1600, and that at least one of the family lines of this old ancestor went back into antiquity. He further heard that London was founded by "our people" before the days of Julius Caesar; all of which sounded like a fairy tale; but he now knows that the head of the family, Elder John Jones, was not a man given to romancing. Elder Jones was born in 1817, being the first white man born in Wayne County, Illinois. He had acquired in the wilderness an education that would shame many a college graduate of today; was a successful school teacher, a farmer, and an elder in the Missionary Baptist Church. He had several paternal ancestors named, successively, Cadwallader Jones. His line and Paul Jones' line met, as the writer remembers, in Lewis of Wales.

Our family, it seems to the writer, has had every facility for handing down a long and accurate tradition, especially when there was such a character in the family as was John Paul Jones.

After ten years of earnest research, and the expenditure of a considerable sum of money, the writer believes, and has to a great extent confirmed, all that is related in this book. While there may be some inaccuracy, it is due to the delay in writing the book; but almost every tradition and event related is practically substantiated by history, or by private papers to which the author has had access.

It should be remembered that it was a long time after the death of Paul Jones before any American undertook to write a history of him. It should also be remembered that the authors of such books and histories did not live near any of Paul Jones' relatives; and that most of their information was obtained from what the first Scotch historian had written concerning him. It should further be remembered that the

sisters of Paul Jones would give no information concerning his genealogy, for reasons which the author will later explain.

The father of Elder John Jones was Lieutenant Colonel Cadwallader Jones, born in Kentucky, 1792, the very year that Paul Jones died in Paris. Colonel Jones' mother, Martha Pitts Jones, had, as an orphan, been reared in the home of the first Cadwallader Jones of North Carolina, who was great grand father of Elder John Jones; this first North Carolina ancestor, and his wife, were older than Paul; both were related to him, and to each other. they were not closely related to each other, the wife of this Pennsylvania Cadwallader Jones was a very near cousin to Paul. Martha Pitts married the son of the above Cadwallader Jones. Her husband was the Cadwallader Jones that was born in 1760, in North Carolina. Martha was about seventeen years old when Paul Jones captured the Serapis, while her husband was nineteen. All four of the above persons knew well the history of Paul Jones' family, they having learned same in part from Paul Jones him-This family history was no doubt often discussed, especially after Paul became one of the most famous men in all the world.

Martha and her husband removed to Kentucky about the year 1785. The husband died in that state near Hopkinsville, in 1801; but she

continued to relate the tradition of Paul's kinship with her husband's line for seventy-five years after Paul's capture of the Serapis. She took the Jones' children, six in number, and removed to Gibson county, Indiana, in the year 1809. Several years later, together with her son, Cadwallader, and her daughter, Martha Warrick, she removed to Illinois, where the old lady died in 1854, at the age of 92. Elder Jones who was 37 years old at the time of her death, lived in the same house with her for many years. The author was born only seven years after this old lady ceased telling the family tradition of Paul Jones to the family. And yet five years before the death of her husband's brother, Benjamin, in Bartholemew County, Indiana.

Her tradition and the tradition of her sons and grandsons is now widely known and accepted as authentic in the states of Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, and in other states to which members of the family have emigrated.

Until the writer was twenty-five years old, and left for a home in the South, he often heard of this tradition from numerous kinsmen that had received it direct from the old lady herself. The author only regrets that he has not remembered it as accurately as he heard it, and that he did not commit same to writing; but he remembers many of the most important features, and hopes that he may be able to add something

worth while to what has been heretofore written concerning the remarkable career of "The man of Mystery," Admiral John Paul Jones.

Traditions live longer among people in the wilderness than elsewhere; and it is for this reason that the author has so much valuable information from the descendants of his people. The historian, Gilbert Stone, says that many Welsh families have been known to keep an accurate family tradition through seven or eight generations. The author hopes that his readers, upon being convinced of the reliability of the traditions related by him, will be especially interested in the genealogy of the distinguished ancestors of Paul Jones. He also hopes that the brief and fragmentary history of the peoples that inhabited what is now Great Britain. in past centuries,—the Welsh, Scotch, Irish and Anglo-Saxons,—will interest, if it does not edify the reader.

When Paul Jones, in 1773, reached the Rappahannock, where his first American born ancestor, Cadwallader Jones, had conquered an empire from the Indians, an hundred years before, extending from the Rappahannock Falls westward, there was not a single descendant of his ancestor bearing the name of Jones, so far as the writer knows, in all America; but by this time the descendants of the uncles, brothers, nieces, nephews, and cousins, of his Virginia

born ancestor, were legion; as Paul Jones had distant kinsmen in almost every American Colony, some of whom helped to secure his place in the Navy. Many, very many, had served in the French and Indian wars, and afterward in the Revolution.

There are hundreds of thousands of distant cousins of Paul Jones living in America today; most of whom do not know of their relationship; but all of them have the same old and distinguished ancestry. Some of these bear the name of Jones; many do not, although they are as closely related.

The Author.

* * * *



JOHN PAUL JONES and HIS ANCESTRY

Much has been written about John Paul Jones, America's first Admiral and greatest sea captain. Not only has his history been written in the English language, but in the French and the Russian languages also; as both in France and Russia his fame was almost as great as in America.

H. G. Wells, in a recent magazine article, has placed him among ten of the most noted men that the world has so far produced. Much more will probably be written about him, for the reason that no historian up to the present time has been able to even state who was his paternal grandfather or grandmother.

For more than one hundred and fifty years the descent of Paul Jones, on his father's side, has been obscured in deepest mystery; many attempts have been made to penetrate this mystery. The veil may never be lifted to the satisfaction of everyone, but the author believes

that it may be, although as time passes it becomes more and more difficult to do so.

The author is in possession of a family tradition which he received direct from a man born only twenty-nine years after the death of Paul Jones, and who claimed to be descended from those who were of the same family line, on one side at least, as was the Admiral. Throughout this book the author will treat this tradition as though it were history; he is convinced that it is, in the main, historically correct.

The name of the mother of Paul Jones, as is well known, was Jeannie MacDuff, the daughter of Ian MacDuff, a Scottish Highlander. Ian was a descendant of one of the oldest and noblest families in the Highlands, a family on which at least one of the numerous kings of North Scotland sometimes leaned; a family whose warriors were of heroic mould, always ready to dare and to do mighty things. We have only to read Shakespeare's great drama, "MacBeth", (mistaken as to actual facts but true as to the characters of the parties), to get a glimpse of the stuff of which the ancient MacDuffs were made:—

"Lay on MacDuff, and damned be he Who first cries, 'Hold enough.'"

And MacDuff proceeded to "lay on" much as Paul Jones was wont to do in his day. MacBeth, according to Shakespeare, was slain; the murder of a rightful king avenged, and an end put to the vaulting ambition of Lady MacBeth.

The Irish also may be as proud of the Mac-Duffs as are the Scotch, for the Highland Scotch all came from what is now called Ireland. In a time, long ago, Ireland was known to the Romans as Scotia, but more anciently it bore the name of Hibernia. The later Danes, who temporarily conquered it, gave it the name of Ireland. Perhaps its most ancient name was "Erne" or "Iran." Ian MacDuff, one of the grandfathers of Paul Jones, was a famous gunsmith.

John Paul, the father of John Paul Jones, while legally a citizen of Scotland, being born there, perhaps, was to all intents and purposes a Welshman; that is, of Welsh extraction, with Danish, Norman and Frankish blood in him, on the female side of his father's ancient family, as will be later shown. And Paul is as much a Welsh word as is Jones. A thousand years ago it was a Norman name, as is John or Jones, both of which, with numerous other names, were incorporated into a very old Welsh family line by marriages.

What is a Welshman? Many, even of Welsh descent, do not know. The Welsh, that is one branch of them, for a long time, in centuries past, dwelt in The Crimea, as well as along the east, north and west coasts of the Black Sea. Before then, some four thousand years ago, their ancestors had lived in the Taurus and Caucasian mountains. After a long time, some 1500 to 700 B. C., one branch of them reached North Gaul,

(now France), and were known to history as Brythons. Still a little later, perhaps some three hundred to six hundred years B. C., one wing of the Brythons reached the ancient Isle of Albion. It, and the Brythons on it, south of the Highlands, became a part of the Roman empire about the time of the birth of Christ. Romans called the country Britain. The Romans withdrew about the year 407 A. D. and the Brythons were driven, after centuries of warfare against the Jutes, Saxons, and Angles, which begun 449 A. D., into the present small compass of Wales. Their German invaders gave them the name of Welsh, which means, "implacable enemies." They disliked the name at first but it stuck to them and the descendants of the Brythons, now living in that portion of the British Isle, known as Wales, are called Welshmen. They have at last become rather proud of their comparatively new name; but in trouble they have ever called each other "Cymru" or "Kymru;" which means "blood brothers" of the ancient Cimrian, Crimean, or Kymrian tribes.

When the British Empire is mentioned, it is understood to be composed principally of English, Welsh, Scotch, Irish, and colonists beyond the sea. Hereafter, where other historians have spoken of those who opposed Julius Caesar as Britons, we will speak of them sometimes as Brythons, sometimes as Britons, and sometimes as Welsh.

Paul Jones was descended from many of the oldest and noblest families that have ever lived in Europe. His ancestors, on the Welsh side, in the dim past, were either kings, princes, or lords. In past centuries, occasionally, one of these ancestors would marry a princess, or a lady of high lineage, not Welsh, as will be shown later; more of these marriages followed with the Normans, after their coming into the British Isle. Hence, we have many Norman names among the Welsh; such as Paul, John, Hugh, Thomas, William, Robert, and other names.

A majority of the American people know so little concerning the stock through which they have descended, it is perhaps proper at this time to say something of the great peoples who were in possession of most of the British Isle before the Jutes, the Saxons, and the Angles, all Teutons, came into their possessions; being, for the Jutes, about the year 449, the Saxons about the year 477, and the Angles about the year 519; from which latter people England took its present name.

In all of the eastern, and in most of the southern portion of the Island, now England, the Welsh (Britons) were living when the conquering Romans came; they had been there for some centuries before the birth of Christ, but for how long, historians have not agreed.

The Welsh (Britons) occupied the greater portion of the island south of the Scottish Highlands, in fact about all of what is now England and Wales; and while this people possessed more culture than is generally believed, they became more highly civilized by the influence of the Romans, who ruled over much of the island for about four hundred years. The Romans conquered in southwest Britain, after a long war, the last stronghold of the more ancient and dark-hued Silures. These people had been driven by the Britons, on their coming into Albion, into two portions of the island; into what is now known as Wales, and into what is now the Scottish Highlands.

It took the Romans a long time after their conquest, which was completed about 43 A. D. to fully occupy what is now England and Wales, and they never conquered the Highlands in what is now Scotland. The Picts, about the time of the birth of Christ, and perhaps before, had begun the conquest, and colonization of the highlands, or the northern part of the island, and, together with the Scots, from what is now Ireland, finally conquered from the Romans, and the Britons, a portion of the mountainous section in the west, where most of Wales now is.

The Picts and the Scots both came to the Highlands by the way of Ireland, reaching that Island, most probably, from Iberia and Gaul, now Spain, and France; they had come to Spain and Gaul from an older Iberia, near the northeast corner of the Black Sea. On their first reaching what is now Ireland, with a small colony, they found the same dark-skinned peoples

there, that the Britons, on coming to Albion, found there, about the same time, or a little later.

About the time the Scots and the Picts arrived from Spain, their kinsmen, the Goidels, or Gauls, sometimes called Gaels, were coming in from Gaul. These peoples, the Scots, and Picts, and the Gauls, Gaels, or Goidels, were the principal white peoples that came to Ireland and ruled that country before the coming of the Danes around 800 A. D.

What the older peoples that were ahead of the whites, that is, the dark-hued, evidently from the Mediterranean, did, we can only conjecture, but they were, originally, certainly a highly civilized people. The Scots, Picts and Goidels often warred with each other, but generally stood together when at war with peoples not living on the Emerald Isle.

They, as well as the Britons, their near kinsmen, all belonged to what most historians designate as the Celtic race; all were Cymrians. The word "Celtic" came about as follows:—The first Cimri or Crimeans that came west, reached the Danube, around 1500 B. C.; they were the first of mankind to smelt iron, or at least to use the steel battle axe. Their name for an axe was "celt." The dark-hued peoples on the Mediterranean, which they conquered soon after their invention, called all wielders of the new battle-axes, "Celts." The people in all central, western and northern Europe in this way came to be

known as Celts, because of their dreadful weapons. This gave a superiority to the Japhetic races that has never yet been overcome.

North Scotland shows signs of having, anciently, been peopled by Silures, Britons, Picts, and Scots. The Silures were probably Hamites or Shemites. They had evidently come by sea from the Mediterranean country, ages before any of the fair skinned peoples arrived; possibly fifteen hundred years before, or even longer.

The Britons, Scots, and Goidels, formerly had each numerous small kingdoms, and tribes, and were often at war with each other; but all embraced Christianity ahead of the Teutonic invaders, and never hated each other as they did the Teutons; who came, not only to take their lands, but to annihilate them utterly. This was especially so in the case of the Britons, or Welsh. The Goidels, Gauls, or Gaels, the Scots, and the Britons, later, each had long and fierce wars with the Danes and other Northmen; especially with the Normans, who were the Scandinavians that had conquered northern France and settled there; principally in Normandy.

No braver men, or fiercer fighters, have ever lived than were the ancestors of the Scots, Welsh and Irish. They simply refused to be exterminated on the battlefields or drowned in the sea. Unfortunately they were nearly always fighting home folks as well as enemies. Had they stood together the name, "England," would probably never have been known.

Nearly half the territory of Great Britain is filled with descendants of these old so-called Celtic peoples; the other half with their more distant kinsmen, also Celtic, the Anglo-Saxons. Many counties in England, not in the present Wales, are even today more Welsh than Anglo-Saxon. And Brittany, in France, was largely peopled by Briton refugees who were driven out of their homes, between 500 and 700 A. D., from what is today South England. The people over there are, to this day, called Bretons.

The author ventures to state that the citizenship of the United States is today as much Welsh, Irish, Scotch and Dane as it is Anglo-Saxon; although we speak the Anglo-Saxon language, and are governed largely by Anglo-Saxon laws. The blending of the Anglo-Saxons with the Brythons, Scots, Goidels, Danes, and Normans, all distant kinsmen, is what has made the British Empire what it is today. The same blending is what has made the United States the greatest country in all history. The reader should not forget that he is probably as much Irish, Scotch, Welsh, or Scandinavian in his origin, as he is Anglo-Saxon; also that more than half the inhabitants in all the west half of the southern portion of ancient Britain, are yet of British blood. Most of them have never been. since 407, a subject people; they are today as free as the English are free. No longer can an Englishman truthfully claim for his people a superiority over the Scotch, Irish, Welsh, or Scandinavian peoples.

Almost the entire history of the Welsh has been written by either the Anglo-Saxons, or Normans; who were for centuries their bitterest enemies. It is time that the American people should know more about the great peoples who were in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales when the Jutes, the Angles and Saxons came. The former have remained, where they are now, through blood, fire and unjust legislation; as well as through centuries of all kinds of cruel religious persecution.

The invading Romans came to occupy, not to crush and annihilate. During four hundred years of their comparatively mild rule, before the coming of the German, or "War Man," as is the meaning of the word, "German," the Britons, made great advancement. Long before the pagan Teutons came, the Britons had accepted the Christian religion, which had been brought from Jerusalem, through Rome. Thev had schools and had become highly enlightened. They had not lost the art of war, as some have thought, under Roman government, but had come to give much attention to the arts of peace and were never the savages they have been painted. Tens of thousands of the Brythons were rich and prosperous; many of them so before Caesar's day, as is proved by their building the first Lud's - town, or London, bridge. the less advanced people around them coveted their wealth, despised their Christianity, their education, and their knightly qualities.

No wonder the tales of Arthur sprang from this people, and there WAS an Arthur, in spite of all that has been said to the contrary; as we hope further on to convince the reader. gentle, yet mighty warrior was of the same family and blood, or at least partly so, as was John Paul Jones; who fought the same Teutons, or their descendants, some 1200 years after Arthur put the fear of God into them, and caused them to become Christians. They did not want Arthur's God, to which they were strangers, to be against them. Augustine, who was trying to get the Angles and Saxons to embrace Christianity, without success, found it rather an easy task after they had met Arthur on a dozen bloody battle fields.

Concerning the people from whom the Welsh fathers of John Paul Jones came, Gilbert Stone's History of Wales gives several broken sketches. He writes as follows, of the first hundred and fifty years, as he computes it, of the Jute, and Anglo-Saxon warfare against the Britons in the southern and eastern portion of the British Isle; principally in what is now England, and before the time of Arthur. The Jutes had been asked to come and help the Britons against the Scots and Picts, but turned against them:—

"The modern mind has some difficulty in imagining what those dreadful years must have been like to the Britons. They had lived in almost perfect peace in the east and southeast of Britain for centuries before the departure of the Romans; who quit Britain not a great many years before the Jutes, the Angles and the Saxons began coming in. Even if we had to rely solely upon the evidence of Gildas, we would know that many of them were accustomed to living in cities with solid walls, well planned citadels, and with well built homes. They were accustomed to all the commercial methods of Rome, under whose government they had lived and prospered for more than four hundred years.

"Their goods were housed in warehouses and in shops. Christianity had long before arrived, and churches had been built; the invaders were pagans and barbarians. They knew not the Christian's God, but believed in the gods of war, Thor and Woden.

"Justice by the Brythons was administered in imposing basilicas and town halls. Fields flourished, orchards were planted, and the gardens were wonderful. The state of Roman Britain was both pleasant and peaceful.

"It was upon this fair and wealthy country that the storm of barbarian invasion broke on every side; for nearly a hundred and fifty years, without a breathing spell, the men of Britain defended their homes and attempted to beat back the tide of conquest. Pict, Scot, Jute, Saxon, Angle, all in turn, or all at once, swept upon them. They were fighting the Scots and Picts that were coming in from the west and north, and the others from the east, southeast, and

northeast.

"Their cities were destroyed, men, women and children in entire little kingdoms were annihilated; their gardens were laid waste, the entire accumulated wealth of the Roman time seized wherever the Germans, especially, conquered. The defenders had gone forth to fight to defend their property and homes; but found they must fight to defend their lives, and the lives of their families. Rome was appealed to, but Rome could not help. The Roman legions had abandoned Britain. Generation succeeded generation, and still the hideous devastation and annihilation continued; toward the end of the first hundred and fifty years Britons must have been fighting for existence, and hardly knowing the meaning and purpose of the ruined buildings, of the pottery, of the wall surrounded orchards, now fruitless, and overgrown with weeds, which, in the time of their great grandfathers, had been owned by men of their own rank and of their own nation. Roman culture among the Brythons had of course suffered some by German barbarity; but, religiously, and morally, they had really advanced.

"By the end of a hundred and fifty years the Brythons had been crowded out of their position in the fairer portions of the Isle, in the southeast and east, and had been crowded into the poorer and more mountainous region of the west and southwest. A map on page 466, Vol. 9, of Encyclopaedia Britannica, 11th edition, shows how

far the Teutons had progressed around the first one hundred and fifty years, or to 597 A. D. Most all of west Britain was at that time still held by the Welsh; as their enemies, by this time, were calling them."

All the cruel things above mentioned must be kept in mind, if we are to understand rightly the subsequent events. The first hundred and fifty years, while the German invaders were driving the Britons into the west, were the worst, but the struggle, after an interval of some years, during which time Arthur was triumphant, began again and was kept on for almost a thousand years before the Normans, the Teutons, and the Welsh, reached a sort of a peaceable understanding that was lasting. This peace came to the people of Wales earlier than it came to Ireland or Scotland; because, finally, under the half Welsh Tudor kings, the Welsh became largely the rulers of England.

Before this union, for over eleven hundred years, the Britons had been getting the worst of it from all invaders, but they absolutely refused to be annihilated, or to leave the country. Gilbert Stone goes on to say:—

"Nothing strikes the student of the early history of Britain so forceably as the difference between the Anglo-Saxon invasion, and the Norman conquest. Hengist, Aelle, Cissa, Cerdic, and the rest, rise up to lead the Teutonic invaders. Ten years pass, a century passes, and a few acres are won; a county is lost, and a pro-

vince is wrested from the Britons at a fearful cost of life on both sides.

"On the other hand, after six hundred years of such warfare against the Britons, the Normans came, and in a single day conquered England; which, however, had been conquered by the Danes over forty years before."

It might also be added that when Harold, then the Danish King of England, stood up before William the Conqueror, on the battlefield of Hastings, on that fateful day in year 1066, he had just returned from a cruel war of attempted extermination against the unconquerable Welsh; and on Hastings' day the Welsh, Scotch, and Irish were conspicious for their absence. The Norse-Teutons risked all and lost all, except the modified English language, and much of the Norse and Anglo-Saxon law.

Bulwer Lytton, in his historical novel, "Harold," tells us that just before William the Conqueror came, Harold purposed to Griffith, gweldig, or king of all the Welsh kings, to end their strife and form a treaty of perpetual alliance; promising in that event that the ancient house of Cadwallader, of which Griffith was a princely descendant, should rule over all Wales forever. His overtures were spurned and Harold had to stand alone. This Welsh Griffith was one of the ancestors of Paul Jones, if tradition is correct. In 1093, twenty-seven years after Hastings, an heroic ancestor of Paul Jones, a grandson of Griffith, was killed by the Nor-

mans, on a battlefield, at the age of 96. This man was Rhys ap Tudor, prince of South Wales; and he probably had "just begun to fight."

Up to year 577, while the Teutons had advanced halfway across the British Isle from the east, the Britons, after nearly one hundred and fifty years of day and night warfare, still kept their battle front solidly intact from north to south, from one end to the other; or rather from the great Hadrian wall, next to the Scottish Highlands, on the north, to a point nearly opposite the west side of the Isle of Wight to the south; a line of over three hundred miles, measured straight south from the Great Wall to the sea. Then the line toward the west ran along the shore of Cornwall, which was yet in the hands of the Britons. They thus, at that time, held a front defying the Teutons for a distance of about five hundred miles. Think of the late World War and ask if Belgium and France could have held back the Germans, on a five hundred mile front, for one hundred and fifty years?

However, in the year 577, the invaders reached the upper end of the Bristol Channel, then pushed south to the English Channel, thereby cutting off land connection between Wales and Cornwall. This was a great blow to the Britons. In this Saxon push to the sea not only were the Welsh people of the great (for those days) kingdom of Cornwall cut off from the rest of their compatriots, but the province

which was afterwards known as Somerset, was cut off with it.

About this time, or a very few years thereafter, the invaders were checked for several years by Arthur, of song and story. But in year 612, after Arthur's death, they secretly prepared a great drive, far to the north, and pushed rapidly westward across the land yet held by the Britons, to the Irish sea, before the Welsh, after several years of peace, could get ready to check them. This cruel drive cut off Cumbria, later known as Strathclyde, from the rest of Wales. Cumbria or Cambria took its name from the half forgotten name of Crimea.

The loss of Cumbria, then considered a great nation, was another dire calamity to the Welsh. Their country was now cut into three separate portions, each distinct from the other. Cumbria to the north, Cornwall and Somerset to the south, with Wales in the center, and the three portions were never united thereafter, although many desperate attempts were made by each to do so, for nearly a thousand years.

It was during this time that the Britons, who went around by sea to reach each other, (they were always good sailors), and were calling also for help from Brittany, in France, made free use of the word, "Cymru;" thus reminding each other of the ancient name of the parent tribe of the Cimrii in far off Crimea; or in still further off eastern Asia Minor. They were "brothers of the blood;" their enemies were only distant

"cousins of the blood."

Cornwall, cut off, and against great odds, heroically held her independence for a long time, helped by her brothers in Wales, Brittany and Strathclyde, as much as they could help by water only.

The last named kingdom covered most of what is now known as the "Lowlands" of Scotland. Cornwall was finally conquered, and became an unwilling part of England in year 836, having held out alone for 259 years. Most of her princes and lords were deposed and their manor houses and estates given to their English conquerors. The people in Cornwall, however, to this day are more Welsh than English; and probably this is also true in that portion of Scotland just to the north of England, once known as Strathclyde. The latter kingdom alone, or assisted only from the sea by Wales, Cornwall and Britany, kept her full independence until the year 1018. Strathclyde after being cut off from Wales, had fifteen British kings, of the pure blood, before being finally persuaded to become a part of Scotland. She had fought back the Picts and Scots from the north, the Teutons from the south and east, and the Irish and Danes from the west, for nearly four hundred years after she was cut off from Wales and Cornwall. Then her heroic people took the only course they could take to keep the Danes from conquering them. Strathclyde united with Scotland, and she and the Scots conquered a big portion of North England, which they kept ever afterward. The conquered portion was never permanently reunited with England, until England and Scotland formed a union in year 1707, just after the time that Paul Jones' great grandfather, Cadwallader Jones, left America and settled in Scotland, to escape prison for debt in the Virginia colony of his birth.

The same year that Strathclyde merged with Scotland, 1018 A. D., Cnut the Dane, usually known as Canute, succeeded in conquering England, and the English rule passed over to the Danes entirely, in year 1020. The rule went to the Normans in year 1066. Real Anglo-Saxon rule ended in England in the year 1020, and was not fully regained for over six hundred years; and after that it was never the same as at first. Not more than half the population in England today is of pure Anglo-Saxon stock.

Later on we will again refer to Cornwall and Strathclyde; but our main theme, in this chapter, is that portion of the British Isle that never completely lost its independence; not even after it accepted, under a half Welsh king, a peaceable union, which was not completed until the year 1585, with the Norman-English,—the unconquerable principality of Wales; the nation that could be crushed but which never failed to "come back;" the land of John Paul Jones; or rather one of the many lands occupied by his unconquerable ancestors; who, always, had "just begun to fight."

A recent historian said:—

"After a stormy history, of centuries of struggling, Wales has at last emerged victorious; a nation which, though few in numbers, has preserved a separate identity.

"Wales is still held by the Welsh people; now true and loyal to the king of England, but still a separate nation." A Prime Minister of England recently said, "Wales is a single and indivisible identity, with a life of its own, drawing its vitality from an ancient past; and both, I believe, in the volume of, and in the reality of its activity, never more virile than it is today.

"The castles have gone; no longer do men-atarms walk their mighty walls, or archers shape their arrows in the tower chambers. Princes no longer lead the Welsh to battle. But the Welsh nation is still a nation; the Welsh language is still a living means of intercourse; Welsh characteristics have proved stronger than the conqueror of Norman castles—Time."

CHAPTER II

Until the Welsh began to leave Wales, or at least up to about the year 1700, A. D., most of them, especially descendants of the Welsh nobility, had been given at birth just one name; in fact, most all ancient peoples followed this custom, the English not excepted. Each Jew, for centuries and centuries, bore but one name; such as Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Moses, David, Jonah, and others.

From time immemorial the ancestors of John Paul Jones used the preposition, ap or ab to indicate whose sons they were. A son of Tudor, for instance, would be named Rhys. This Rhys became known as Rhys ap Tudor; ap meaning son of; while vz or vch indicated daughter of. Strange things happened as to these Welsh names. Generally a son would be named for some ancestor, near or distant, of either the father or mother; sometimes for a distinguished uncle. So, in a way, families knew pretty well their kinsmen by a repetition, now and then, of a family name. Any Welsh-

man could change his name and assume that of any ancestor he desired, which was often done for one reason or another. In Wales any descendant of a man or woman was considered a son or daughter; just as Jesus was considered a Son of David, as well as of Mary. As late as 1700, a Welshman in emigrating either to England, Scotland, Ireland, or America, where a surname had to be taken, as law then demanded, used two or more names; a proper name and a surname. He most always used for his surname the single Welsh name his father bore, or had borne; but he could use the name of any ancestor that he preferred to use. For instance, one man, a kinsman of John Paul Jones, was named, in Wales, Thomas. Thomas made a will mentioning himself as Thomas ap Hugh, "gentleman," thus showing himself as descended from the nobility of Wales, and also as a son of a gentleman named Hugh.

This Thomas had two sons, John and Cadwallader. In Wales they were known as John ap Thomas and Cadwallader ap Thomas. Each of these sons had a son. John's son was named Cadwallader, and Cadwallader's son was named John. In Wales, one was known as Cadwallader ap John and the other as John ap Cadwallader; when these two cousins, grandsons of Thomas and his good wife, reached Pennsylvania, in the early pioneer days, before the year 1700, one became John Cadwallader, and the other Cadwallader Jones; and these surnames have clung

to their families ever since. The present prominent Cadwallader family in Pennsylvania, or one branch of it, came through this John. If John ap Cadwallader had stayed in Wales, and had had a son to come to America, the family name would have been that of Jones instead of Cadwallader; John being equivalent to Jones, in Welsh; or rather Jones means John's son.

Almost all the sons of the numerous Johns. on leaving Wales, possibly all were kinsmen, took the surname of Jones. Still once in a while the surname became Johns and remained so. John was originally a Jewish scriptural name which, more readily than all other pagans, the Normans adopted after becoming Christianized. It is the same name as Jona, Jonas, or Jonah. In the King James version of the Bible we have Jesus saying, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" In the American revised edition it is, "Simon, son of John, lovest thou me?" And in the footnote in the American revised edition we read, "Simon, son of Joanes, lovest thou me?" So the word John has been the same as Jones, for nearly 1900 years at least, and in many languages. The Greek Christians used the word Joanes instead of John. In fact the name is as old as that Jonah, Jonas, or John who had the experience with the "great fish." Paul also came to the Welsh vocabulary from the Normans: who received it from the New Testament.

There was probably not a single John among the very ancient Britons (Welsh) before the day of King John of England. After that date the name became common for reasons that will be explained later.

So much for the origin of the Norman-Welsh names of Jones and Paul. Let us now consider the immediate family of John Paul Jones.

Much has been said about the quiet and peaceful nature of John Paul of Scotland, father of the Admiral. Many of his relatives, all of noble descent, on one side at least, tiring of twelve hundred years of almost continuous warfare, and coming to realize that they, descendants of kings, princes, and lords, had been so reduced in both wealth and title, that they must designate themselves only as "gentlemen," embraced the Quaker faith after the year 1650, and tried for a few generations to curb the turbulent blood that had surged in them for so many centuries. This, no doubt, accounts for the apparent inoffensiveness of John Paul, Sr. The early Pauls of Pennsylvania were Quakers.

That the father of John Paul Jones was a lion under the skin, there can be little doubt. That he was a "gentleman" and a man of education, must be admitted. Every one who has read the writings of John Paul Jones must admit that, "He was to the Manor born." Paul Jones was not only a warrior, but also a man of education and refinement; much of which he must have learned at home. At the age of 12 he went to sea. In ancient Wales that age was not considered so young, and a Welsh boy was

often well educated at twelve years. All the families throughout the United States, who have descended from the Jones, Griffith, Cadwallader, Evans, Owens, Roberts, Thomas, Hews, Paul, Williams, Llewelyn, Rhys (Rice), and kindred families, in early Pennsylvania, Virginia, North Carolina, and other colonies, will be interested in the names that John Paul gave to his children, born in Scotland. Among them were Adam, William, Robert, Elizabeth, Mary, John, all Welsh-Norman names, and all common names to the families mentioned above. One, Janet, seems to have received a Scotch name, the name of her fine Scotch mother.

The children were mostly named as the ancestors and uncles of John Paul had been named for centuries. Later on, the author will show that Llewelyn the Great, gweldig of all the Welsh, was one of John Paul's forbears. William the Conqueror was another ancestor to John Paul. Robert, the Conqueror's son, named for his grandfather, was a very great uncle to John Paul. Magna Carta John, thought to be one of the meanest kings of England, by everyone except his descendants, and even by some of them, was an ancestor; not only to John Paul, but to most of the Johns or Jones' among the Welsh.

Owen ap Tudor, whose grandson seized the throne of England, was a full blooded Welshman; was descended from a prince named Tudor, who was a very distant ancestor to John

Paul, and to his illustrious son. Richard Coeur de Lion, the bravest king that ever led the Crusaders to the walls of Jerusalem, and a brother to Magna Carta John, was a distant uncle to John Paul. Inoffensive as he may have seemed, John Paul had plenty of fighting blood in him.

We have thus far mentioned only a very few of John Paul's fighting ancestors and relatives, but sufficient to show their character.

A quotation from Buell, who has written one of the best histories of Paul Jones, thus describes the plantation of "Bachelor" William Jones, which came to John Paul, Jr., about the time he took the name of Jones, in year 1773:——

"A quaint old colonial record, dated in the year 1761, on transfer by will, described it as containing about 3,000 acres of prime land, bordering for twelve furlongs on the right bank of the Rappahannock in Virginia, running back southward three miles; 1000 acres cleared and under plough or grass; 2,000 acres strong, first-growth timber; grist-mill with flour-cloth and fan, turned by water power; mansion, overseer's house, negro quarters, stables, tobaccohouses, threshing-floor, river wharf, one sloop of 20 tons; thirty negroes of all ages (18 adults), 20 horses and colts, 80 neat cattle and calves; sundry sheep and swine, and all necessary means of tilling soil."

Paul Jones came into full possession of this plantation only a short time before the Revolution, when not quite twenty-six years old. Be-

fore Lord Dunmore, the last Royal Governor of Virginia, was forced to flee the state he destroyed this plantation and carried off the negroes to Jamaica. This plantation, as the author believes, once belonged to the only Cadwallader Jones that was living in Virginia between years 1650 and 1700; and he further believes that this man was great grandfather to John Paul Jones. In fact, has not a doubt of it.

The following letter from Paul Jones to Mr. Hews, the great North Carolina Welsh-American, and a probable distant kinsman to Paul, should be of interest:—

"This is of course a part of the fortunes of war. I accept the extreme animosity displayed by Lord Dunmore as a compliment to the sincerity of my attachment to the cause of Liberty. His lordship is entitled to his own conception of civilized warfare. He and his know where I am and what I am doing. They can effect me only by revenge behind my back. I do not complain of that. But I most sadly deplore the fate of my poor negroes. The plantation was to them a home, not a place of bondage. Now they are torn away and carried off to die under the pestilence, and the lash, in the Jamaica cane-fields; and the price of their poor bodies will swell the For this pockets of English slave-traders. cruelty to these innocent, harmless, people I hope sometime, somehow, to find opportunity to exact a reckoning.

"You will see by the enclosed letter of William Frazier, Esquire, that my good and faithful old overseer, Duncan MacBean, escaped the clutches of Lord Dunmore and joined General Morgan's Riflemen.

"He has, I presume, taken with him the fine Lancaster rifle of my late brother. It is the best rifle I know of in Virginia, and if Duncan has it, all is well. It could not be held in steadier hands or sighted by a surer eye. For many years Duncan has had no equal as a deerstalker in the Tidewater country. The old Highlander is now close to three-score years, and always limps a little with his old wound of Braddock's defeat; but he is hale and hearty and many good fighting years are yet left to him. As I have not the honor to know General Morgan personally, I hope you will kindly mention old Duncan MacBean to him in my behalf, and with my best recommendations.

"I am now more than ever glad that I brought with me my two black boys, Cato and Scipio. They were well trained in river and bay sailing on the sloop, and now, in the two cruises we have made in the Alfred and Providence, they have become prime seamen. Their brothers and sisters have been carried off by the British marauders, and now they talk on nothing but vengeance. I have given them their full papers, (meaning papers of manumission) dated even with my Captain's Commission, October 10, 1776.

"Another most serious concern to me is that this destruction cuts off my source of revenue. During the three seasons of my ownership, 1773, 1774, and 1775, the net income from the agriculture, trade, and milling of the plantation was nearly 4,000 guineas in the aggregate, over and above all necessary outlays. Since my coming to Philadelphia, in June a year ago, I have lived on this surplus, having drawn from the public funds only 50 pounds in all that time; and this not for my pay or allowance, but to reimburse me for expense of enlisting seamen. July, 1775, I have drawn to Philadelphia about 3,000 guineas in prime bills. Of this some 900 guineas remain on balance in my favor in the bank of North America, or in the hands of Mr. Ross. This is all I have in the world, except an interest in the firm of Archibald Stewart and Company of Tobago, which, being under the enemy's control, is of course unavailable.

It thus appears that I have now no fortune but my sword, and no prospect except that of getting alongside the enemy."

There was another William Jones, whose brother's wife was a cousin in some degree, to the bachelor-planter of the Rappahannock, as well as to the Admiral. He was a Quaker, a gunsmith, and a very great uncle to the writer. This William Jones learned to make exactly such a rifle as Paul Jones described, and might possibly have made that very one. He made many rifles during the latter part of the French

and Indian war, and during the Revolution: saying that he did not believe in war, but a man had to live by his avocation. One gun made in Virginia by William Jones, in 1765, for a William Jones, possibly "Bachelor" William Jones the Planter, uncle, as the writer believes, to William Paul, is still a good one. It is yet in the Jones family, and can be seen at the home of Cousin Sam Jones, near Ellery, Illinois. It has a "range" of over a quarter of a mile; forty of its bullets make a pound. It was said to be the best rifle, in pioneer days, in at least three states west of the Blue Ridge Mountains-Kentucky, Indiana, and Illinois. It was carried through several American wars, the last one the Black Hawk War, 1832. It is probably the very gun Paul Jones described as the best gun in Virginia; the writer has several reasons to so believe. Believes the maker learned the art through Ian MacDuff, the Scotch grandfather of Paul Jones.

On the fourth day of July, 1876, Elder John Jones, born 1817, and the writer, born 1861, were returning home from a local Centennial celebration that had been held at Fairfield, Illinois. The Elder was peeved at what one of the speakers of the day had remarked, in his Fourth of July oration, about Paul Jones, and heatedly said:

"Why, when that fellow said Paul Jones was not of kin to any Jones family in America; was uneducated and unlettered when he entered the Navy; that he was a full blooded Scotchman, and his fighting proclivities could not be accounted for; that none of his people had ever lived in America except one brother and two sisters, I felt like getting up and telling him a lot that he did not know; and, for that matter, no historian yet seems to know.

"I know a great deal about Paul Jones. was of kin to our Jones'. His first American born ancestor was a Cadwallader Jones. father, Colonel Cadwallader Jones, was related to him. My grandfather, Cadwallader Jones, (Born in N. C. 1760) was a rather near cousin to Paul Jones. Paul was NOT altogether Scotch; but was of Welsh, Scotch and Norman extraction, with a little other foreign blood in him, away back. He was in temperament essentially Welsh. Paul had fighting blood in him that was inherited. His line met mine in Wales, and the two went back together for century after century. He was descended from perhaps an hundred kings, princes, and lords; all of them brave as lions; some of them the greatest fighting men that have ever lived in the world. Some were scholars, saints, and men of peace; but not Paul could have been regarded as an American, for many of his kinsmen lived, before his day, in his day, and still live, in America; they were and are Americans. Paul first came to this country from Scotland at the age of 12, intending, someday, to make Virginia his home, where a number of his forebears and their kinsmen had made their homes for most of a hundred and fifty years before the Revolution.

"Paul's first American born ancestor had the same name and military rank as did my father. Both had the name of Cadwallader Jones. Both were Lieutenant Colonels. My father was born the year Paul died.

"None of the Jones kinsmen became as famous as Paul, but some of them were big men in the Revolution; big enough to see that Paul was given his chance in the Navy, and all that did so had a right to be proud of him. How could Paul, only three years out of Scotland, have had his chance if he had not had powerful relatives in America? One of Paul's ancestors, Cadwallader Jones, got into serious trouble before he left this country for Scotland; most of his relatives turned their backs on him.

"But Cadwallader's wife and children believed in him; believed he was honest, and only unfortunate; they were always loyal to him; and his great grandson, John Paul, Jr., took his surname. Paul deeply resented the way most of the relatives had acted in Cadwallader's distress; and, as there was an interval of some seventy-five years between Cadwallader's going to Scotland and Paul's coming to this country, the latter made himself known to only a very few of his kinsmen. With none whom he understood had been doubtful of the integrity of his ancestor. Paul was exceedinly proud even when he was poor. When he became one of the

most noted men in the world, the few of his kinsmen in America to whom he had revealed himself, and who had helped him in obtaining a place in the Navy, said but little publicly about his ancestry, because they did not want Paul's record compared with the dubious record of his forbear; though they, themselves, believed his ancestor had been more sinned against than sinning.

"Paul spent quite a bit of his time in North Carolina between the time of his coming to Virginia and his entering the Navy. My grandmother, Martha Pitts Jones, whom my great grandparents adopted when a child, before she married their son, remembered Paul's spending one night in their old North Carolina home. She was rather young, but remembered him, and remembered a number of the family matters discussed; especially about the branch of the family that left America for Scotland. Paul spent much of his time with two of his, and our, North Carolina relatives, "Willie" and Allen Jones, who were wealthy; they owned negroes and were afterward members of the Continental Congress. They were big men among the big patriots of America, and it was these men, and other relatives, and their friends, who helped Paul to secure his berth in the Navy. My grandmother heard Paul say, (in discussing the negroes belonging to his rich N. C. relatives), that human slavery could not always exist in a free country; but that his kinsmen were good to their slaves, and they seemed to be contented and happy."

The above, and much more that he cannot now accurately recall, was what the writer heard stated, exactly one hundred years after the Declaration of Independence was promulgated. He often heard this family history repeated before he left Illinois, at the age of 25. The old grandmother, from whom the family, now scattered over several states, received much of this North Carolina tradition, had, in 1876, been deceased only twenty years. The man who was relating the tradition to the writer possessed a remarkable memory, and could have as accurately repeated her statements as the writer can repeat his; more so in fact; as that was over 50 years ago.

The old lady had a pioneer record of her own. She once, as a midwife, swam her horse across the Big Wabash to go to a poor woman in dis-Her son, Lieutenant Colonel Cadwallader Jones, of Black Hawk War, was second or third cousin, through his North Carolina grandmother, to Governor, and afterwards U.S. Senator, "Lean Jimmy" Jones of Tennessee. Governor "Jimmy" Jones was also a kinsman to Paul Jones, through Major Peter Jones, a second cousin to Paul's Rappahannock Cadwallader Major Peter Jones, a noted pioneer Jones. Virginia Indian fighter, whose descendants now number tens of thousands, was own cousin to Rappahannock Cadwallader's father, Richard.

AND HIS ANCESTRY

Robin, an ancester of General Allen and Gov. Wylie, or "Willie," Jones, of N. C., was cousin to the Virginia born ancestor of Paul Jones, So was Roger Jones of Virginia and England.

The great grandfather of Paul Jones, above referred to, was not the first of Paul's ancestors to bear the name of Cadwallader. Another Cadwallader Jones who was a great, great grandfather to Paul, was usually referred to by the family as "Soldier" Cadwallader Jones, because of his espousing the cause of the unfortunate Charles, and for whom he came near losing his head when Charles lost his.

When about twenty-two, he and Peter, his brother, about twenty-four, ran away from the old Welsh home and managed, by becoming servants, to reach James City, Virginia, in the same year; in 1623. Peter, was born 1599. As their Welsh father bore the name of John they became Cadwallader and Peter Jones in Virginia. This, the first Peter Jones of Virginia, was father of Major Peter Jones, who distinguished himself in the Virginia Indian war of 1676.

"Soldier" Cadwallader did not stay in Virginia long but went to England, where, after many ventures and adventures, he became fairly well to do; he married a titled lady and bought for his wife the ancient manor of Ley, which had belonged to his wife's Welsh family, in time long past. He also bought for her a number of other old Welsh estates, but lost his all later on, and did well to save his life, when Cromwell

crushed the forces of Charles and captured Jones with him.

This "Soldier" Cadwallader had, among other sons, Richard, who may or may not have been a soldier. It is certain that he was born in England, and was a merchant in London at one time. He was another man, who, like John Paul, Sr., had more warlike blood in him than he manifested. He was the father of the most redoubtable Indian fighter in his day in Virginia; father to "Rappahannock" Cadwallader Jones. Latter so called because he practically conquered the upper Rappahannock Valley from the Indians, 1671 to 1689.

"Soldier" Cadwallader's near relatives, that came to Virginia, in pioneer days, founded in most instances, long and distinguished lines of Jones' in that colony; from where their descendants spread into nearly all the English colonies; and later into all the American states; all being distant relatives to Admiral John Paul Jones.

Richard, the merchant, had among other sons, Richard, William, and Cadwallader; the latter, the youngest, being, as the writer believes, the Cadwallader Jones that was great grandfather to Admiral Paul Jones. He was born in Virginia, 1651. His half brothers were possibly born in England. More will be told of the Virginia line of the Jones' and Paul Jones' southern kinsmen later on.

According to the Evans genealogy, published in Philadelphia, which can be procured by any-

one from any genealogist of standing, John ap Evan, the last ancestor that Elder John Jones had that died in Wales, was descended from Rodri Mawr, or Roderic the Great, who was overking or gwledig of the sixteen little Welsh kingdoms, from about 850 A. D., to about 877. He was killed after 33 years of constant warfare, while leading the Welsh forces in a great battle against the English. "Soldier" Cadwallader Jones was descended from Rodri also. His line, and that of Lieutenant Colonel Cadwallader Jones, grandfather to the writer, met, as the writer remembers, in Lewis of Wales.

According to the Evans genealogy, Rodri was the son of King and Queen Merfyn and Essyllht, distant cousins, both of whom were descended, through the great Cunedda, from Prince Lud or Llud, founder of Lud's—town, or London. In Shakespeare's Cymbeline will be found much as to "Lud's-town;" also much more of real semi-historical interest.

Prince Llud, the same, perhaps, as Lloyd, was brother to Cassibelan, who, with Llud, opposed Julius Caesar when he made his first abortive Roman invasion into Britain, 55 B. C. Cassibelan was uncle or great uncle to Cymbeline, who was reigning in the time of Augustus Caesar, about the birth of Christ. Llud was ancestor to Cymbeline. All three were descendants of Mulmute; or, as latinized, Mulmitius; who was the first king of the Britons.

Any direct descendant of Mulmute, if he were a prince, either directly or colatterally, of any of the numerous descendants of the first king, could become gwledig of the Britons, or overking of all the local kings, down to the Roman conquest; however, the Britons did not have, all the time, a supreme king. Only in time of stress. Not always then. When great danger threatened, the various little kingdoms would usually get together and choose a warrior "overking," as did the discordant Greeks choose Agamennon during the Trojan War. Very anciently all peoples did this, more or less, during certain stages of their government. In war, as elsewhere, "blood is always thicker than water."

The very ancient Britons were of blood kin to the Classic Greeks and Romans, who, after leaving the Crimea, and learning to make steel weapons, swooped back toward the Mediterranean and Aegean seas, and conquered as well as absorbed, the old Hamitic Aegean and Mediterranean civilizations before the Trojan war. The mixture with the older dark-skinned races accounts for the dark-skinned Greeks and Italians of today.

Britain did not probably have a gwledig, or over-king, from the days of Cunoblin, who was defeated, and made vassal to Rome, in the days of Claudus Caesar, around 43, A. D., until Cunedda, a descendant of Mulmute, Lud, and Cunoblin, became gwledig, when the Romans withdrew from Britain about 407 A. D.

Cunedda had, under Roman suzerainty, been king of Cumbria, or Cambria, afterward Strathclyde, one of the largest of the British kingdoms. He was highly regarded by the Romans, and held his position much as King Herod had held his in Judea. We will give more anent Cunneda in another chapter; but, it suffices to say here that the Britons (Welsh) were as loyal to the dynasty of Cunneda, or rather to the much older dynasty of Mulmute, as the Jews have been to the dynasty of David; in fact, much more so. Mulmute and David may have lived near the same time.

Mulmute's descendants ruled Wales for possibly two thousand years, but four hundred years of this time was under Roman suzerainty; and then for a while under the suzerainty of the Norman-English, who finally deprived them of their kings and princes; or rather they voluntarily gave them up for the sake of peace.

Cunedda, his sons and grandsons, on the departure of the Romans, seem to have taken over all the kingdoms held by his collateral kinsmen; after which those claiming to be either kings or gwledigs had only to trace their blood back to Cunedda. Still later only back to Cadwallader the Blessed. This continued as long as the Welsh had a king, prince, or lord, of the blood. More than that, the present English Prince of Wales wears a metal insignia of his office on one side of which is stamped the word "Cadwallader," and on the other side the word,

"Llewelyn," who was a descendant of Cadwallader, Cunedda, Llud, and Mulmute; and is known to history as "Llewelyn the Great;" all these were ancestors of Paul Jones. Llewelyn lived 550 years after Cadwallader the Blessed, who died in Rome, where he had been declared a warrior saint, in 683 A. D.

The writer has no doubt, as before stated, that the line of Paul Jones, and that of Elder John Jones, met in Lewis, who died, a very very old man, prior to 1601. Through Lewis' great grandson, John, came the Pennsylvania Jones line. Through his son John came the Virginia line, into which a Pennsylvania Cadwallader Jones married. There is not a break between the Elder and Rodri Mawr, or for a period of over 700 years. It runs thus:-John Jones, Cadwallader Jones, Cadwallader Jones, Cadwallader Jones, Cadwallader Jones, David Jones, Gainor Jones, (shifting to a female born in Wales, who had married a John) vz John, ap Evan, ap Robert, ap Lewis, ap Gruffydd, (Griffith), ap Howell, ap Einion, ap Diewks, ap Madog, ap Ievan (Evan), ap David (who married a descendant of Llewelyn) ap Trahirarn, ap Madog, ap Rhys, ap Rhys, ap Rhys, ap Rhys, ap Gruffydd, ap Rhys, ap Tewdr, (Tudor), ap Cadell, ap Einion, ap Owain, (Owen) ap Howel, ap Cadell, ap Rodri Mawr; who was a descendant of Cadwallader the Blessed; and also of Cunedda, Cunoblin, Llud, and Mulmute; as well as of many more between Rodri Mawr and Mulmute. The author believes the above to be the genealogy of Paul Jones, from Lewis back to Mulmute, the first British king. From Lewis, down, was John, Cadwallader Jones, Richard Jones, Cadwallader Jones, Elizabeth (Jones) Paul, John Paul, and John Paul Jones.

There must be millions of descendants of Mulmute, Llud, Cunoblin, Cunedda, Cadwallader, Rodri Mawr, Llyewlyn, and all the rest, down to the present time. Every member of the Welsh nobility was more or less of kin. It was impossible for a marriage to take place among them without marrying blood kin. Probably half the Welsh were of the nobility; possibly more than half; all, in fact, anciently, except those adopted into the tribes. There were "Nine Noble Tribes" of the Brythons, all descending from one great chief, Bryth.

Being surrounded with deadly enemies for so many centuries they did not, during most of that period, intermarry much outside their tribes; and they did not adopt many into their tribes during that period. Most all the Welsh, up to 1700, A. D., were descendents of Bryth; as most the Jews are descendants of Jacob.

Tens of thousands of families, throughout the whole earth, bearing such names as Jones. Paul, Evans, Cadwallader, Owens, Lewis, Robets, Griffith, Howell, Llewelyn, Thomas, Rhys, (Rice), Vaughn, Pugh, Hugh, Morris, Williams, Richards, Foulk, Humphrey, Lloyd, Morgan, Glenn, Reese, (or Reece), David, Davies. or Davis, may be reasonably sure that they are of what is generally known as the Evans Welsh line; or the old Welsh-Norman line.

Besides these, which have only been mentioned hurriedly, there are hundreds and perhaps thousands of other Welsh, or partly Welsh, families that are connected, more or less, either by blood or marriage, with this ancient line; which, unlike any other line of nobility in the world, seems to have been respected and even revered for ages by a vast majority of the Welsh people. The writer is glad, however, that it was a great half Welshman, in 1776, who said:—"All men are created equal." We no longer want kings, princes, or lords; but they lived, and acted; many of them doing a great work in their day. Some were good and noble; some the very reverse; but all, without exception, were brave. Their descendants, and collateral kindred, are at least interested in knowing something of them. Thomas Jefferson is known as a Welshman, and had generations of Welsh blood in him; but his far off ancestor was a Scandinavian, who perhaps married a Welsh woman. Lloyd George of England is a Welshman and is probably descended from Prince Llud, the founder of London.

CHAPTER III

The story of the sea duel between the Bon Homme Richard and the Serapis never ceases to interest the American public in its recital.

For about four years Paul Jones, with pitiful equipment, had sailed the seas, a terror to all the merchant ships of the enemy. His prescience was such that only a few times was a warship of superior size and equipment able to locate him, and when located, if anything like his size, was promptly overcome and captured. He seems to have had no regard for the "Mistress of the Seas."

Paul, himself, was practically a stranger in the colonies, having lived in Virginia but a little over two years before the Revolution; but he was able to get a berth in the infant American Navy through the especial influence of a number of powerf.ul patriots of Welsh descent. Two of them lived in North Carolina, Wylie and Allen Jones, both relatives, and one in Virginia, Thomas Jefferson, possibly not a relative, and Joseph Hews, of North Carolina, who was most probably distantly related to Paul.

All four of the above eagerly pushed Paul's claims, and they were aided and abetted by Benjamin Franklin, Robert Morris, and General Cadwallader, all of Pennsylvania. The latter two were distant kinsmen, and Dr. Franklin's sister's son had married a woman in Virginia who was related to Paul Jones. These relationships now-a-days would be considered too distant to mention. They were perhaps not mentioned then but were enough to make all the above named, and their friends, exceedingly friendly to Paul, and to give him valuable assistance.

The writer hopes to show, further on, the possibility of all Welshmen of the caliber of Paul's friends in Virginia, Pennsylvania, North Carolina, and elsewhere, throughout all the colonies, being at least distantly related to each other, and of knowing and feeling such relationship in 1775, and the dreadful years which followed. Every American patriot of Welsh descent, and there were thousands of them, stood by Paul from first to last. The bulk of Americans today do not know how much we owe our independence to the patriots of Welsh, Scotch, Irish, and Scotch-Irish descent.

The Stamp Act to them was a trifling matter which they used only to inflame citizens of Enlish descent. The wrongs of centuries rankled in the breast of almost every man and woman of Welsh, Irish, Scotch, and Scotch-Irish blood. Theirs was a real grievance, centuries and cen-

turies old.

We find Paul Jones in 1779, just when the hopes of the Americans were very low, a Commodore, in command of four second class ships, all of which had been furnished by France. As only one of these ships, the Bon Homme Richard, bore the brunt of fighting the English ship, Serapis, the readers are referred to history as to the other ships.

Paul had been terrorizing the coast of Scotland, the land of his birth, and against which he really seemed to have a grudge, for good reason the writer suspects; especially as to Leith, where according to family tradition, his people had lived, and where his great grandfather, Cadwallader Jones, probably died, possibly in prison for debt. Only almost open mutiny on the part of the commander of the three vessels accompanying the Bon Homme Richard kept Paul from either collecting a heavy tribute from Leith or reducing it to ashes.

He did not seem to have this feeling against any other city in Scotland, or Great Britain. In the official report of his cruise, before he met the Serapis, he mentions particularly several times his failure to be able to work his will on Leith. One sentence in his report, after the three other ships in his squadron had practically thwarted his purpose, expresses his ill feeling toward this city:—"It was my intention to collect 200,000 pounds, (\$1,000,000) off Leith, or reduce it to ashes."

What was his grievance against Leith? Was his great grandfather Jones imprisoned there? Was his grandfather mistreated there? Probably some day we will know.

Leaving the vicinity of Leith, the Commodore sailed south with his three other ships. He was just off the coast of York when the duel between his own lone ship and the Serapis took place. Thousands of Englishmen, women and children, crowded down to the sea shore to see the "bold pirate," as they called him, destroyed.

The number of men on each ship was about equal. There the comparison ended. In guns, and equipment of all kinds the Serapis was much the superior vessel, being recently built and in good condition, while the Bon Homme Richard was old and steered badly.

The Serapis was manned by perfectly trained seamen while one-half the men on the Bon Homme Richard were not even sailors. When Paul got the Richard ready to sail he said of his efforts to man her:—

"During all this time, and under great difficulties, a crew of 375, all told, had been enlisted. Not more than fifty, including the officers, were Americans. A hundred and ninety-odd were aliens; partly recruited from British prisoners of war, partly of Portugese, and a few French sailors and fishermen.

"Among the 375 there were 122 French soldiers who were allowed to volunteer from the French garrison at L'Orient, and the command-

ant of the dock yard loaned me 12 regular marines, whom I made non-commissioned officers.

"The Richard on leaving the harbor soon thereafter was fouled by the Alliance and the sloop sailed back to L'Orient, a city on the west coast of France, for repairs."

While awaiting these repairs the Commodore was fortunate in being able to exchange a number of English prisoners held at Nantes, France, for Americans. There were thus 119 happy American prisoners released, and 114 of them enlisted under the man who had brought their release. The other five wanted to enlist but were physically unfit. These were all called Americans, as well as the fifty already on the Richard. In reality, while they had been helping the colonists in their struggle for freedom, not more than half of them were of American birth.

Jones found, while at Nantes, about twenty more American soldiers; so he was able to lead back to L'Orient about one hundred and thirty-five newly enlisted men, all so-called Americans, and most of them used to the sea. He gave about fifty Americans to the Alliance, leaving him, with the fifty he already had, approximately one hundred and fifty Americans who were on the Richard when the fight began, most all sailors.

He had, besides the Americans, approximately one hundred and thirty-four French; one hundred of these had never been to sea; and

there were about ninety-one foreigners. These were from nearly every country in Europe and America, and speaking about every sort of language except English. There were Portugese, Swedes, Norwegians, Italians, Germans, Spaniards, Malays, Turks, Mexicans, and a few English, who sympathized with the struggling colonies. There was one negro from Cuba, and one pure blood Indian, "Red Jerry," who proved himself one of the best men on board. The balance of the foreigners, about ninety odd, he had given to the Alliance, so he went into action with 375 men.

The battle began at about seven in the evening. We will not relate the first stage of the fight, but come to the worst of it, and let Jones tell about it in his own way, which was modest enough:—

"The battle thus begun was continued with unremitting fury. Every method was practiced on both sides to gain advantage and rake each other, and I must confess that the enemy's ship, being much more manageable than the Bon Homme Richard, gained thereby several times an advantageous situation, in spite of my best endeavors to prevent it. As I had to deal with an enemy of greatly superior force I was under the necessity of closing with him to prevent the advantage which he had over me in point of maneuver. It was my intention to lay the Bon Homme Richard athwart the enemy's bow; but as that operation required great dexterity in the

management of both sails and helm, and some of our braces being shot away, it did not exactly succeed to my wish. The enemy's bow-sprit, however, came over the Bon Homme Richard's after-deck by the mizzen-mast, and I made both ships fast together in that situation, which by the action of the wind on the enemy's sails, forced her stern close to the Bon Homme Richard's bow, so that the ships lay square alongside of each other, the yards being all entangled and the cannon of each ship touching the oppo-When this position took place it was eight o'clock, previous to which the Bon Homme Richard had received sundry 18 pound shots below the water, and leaked very much. My battery of 12 pounders, on which I had placed my chief dependence, being commanded by Lieutenant Dale and Colonel Weibert, and manned principally with American seamen and French volunteers, was entirely silenced and abandoned. As to the six old 18 pounders that formed the battery of the lower gun deck, they did no service whatever, except firing eight shot in all. Two out of three of them burst at the first fire, and killed almost all the men who were stationed to manage them. I had only two pieces of cannon (9 pounders) on the quarter deck that were not silenced, and not one of the heavier cannon was fired during the rest of the action. The purser, Mr. Mease, who commanded the guns on the quarterdeck, being dangerously wounded in the head, I was obliged to fill his place, and with great difficulty rallied a few men and shifted over one of the lee quarterdeck guns, so that we afterward played three pieces of nine pounders upon the enemy. I directed the fire of one of the three cannon against the mainmast, with double-headed shot, while the other two were exceedingly well served with grape and cannister shot, to silence the enemy's musketry and clear the decks, which was at last effected. The enemy was, as I have since understood, on the instant of calling for quarter, when the cowardice or treachery of three of my under-officers induced them to signal the enemy. The English Commodore asked me if I demanded quarter, and when I answered him in the most determined negative that I had not yet begun to fight, they renewed the battle with double fury. They were unable to stand the deck; but the fire of the cannon, especially the lower battery, which was entirely formed of ten pounders, was incessant; both ships were set on fire in various places, and the scene was dreadful beyond the reach of language.

"To account for the timidity of my three under-officers, I mean the gunner, the carpenter, and the master-at-arms, I must observe that the two first were slightly wounded, and as the ship had received various shot, under water, and one of the pumps had been shot away, the carpenter expressed his fears that she would sink, and the other two concluded that she was sinking, which occasioned the gunner to run aft without my

knowledge to strike the colors. Fortunately for me a cannon ball had done that before, by carrying away the ensign-staff; he was therefore reduced to the necessity of sinking, as he supposed, or of calling for quarter, and he preferred the latter.

"All this time the Bon Homme Richard had sustained the action alone and the enemy, though much superior in force, would have been very glad to have got clear, as appears by their own acknowledgments, by which means they would have escaped had I not made them fast to the Bon Homme Richard.

"At last, at half past nine o'clock, the Alliance appeared and I now thought the battle at an end; but, to my utter astonishment, he discharged a broadside full into the stern of the Bon Homme Richard. We called to him for God's sake to forbear firing into the Bon Homme Richard, yet they passed along the off-side of the ship, and continued firing. There was no possibility of his mistaking the enemy's ship for the Bon Homme Richard, there being the most essential difference in their appearance and construction. Besides, it was full moonlight, and the sides of the Bon Homme Richard were all black, while the sides of the prize (Serapis) were all yellow; yet, for the greater security, I showed the signal of our reconnoissance, by putting out three lanterns, one at the head, another at the stern, and the third in the middle, in a horizontal line. Every tongue cried that he was

firing into the wrong ship, but nothing availed; he passed around, firing into the Bon Homme Richard, head, stern and broadside, and by one of his volleys killed several of my best men, and mortally wounded a good officer on the forecastle. My situation was really deplorable. The Bon Homme Richard received various shot under the water from the Alliance; the leak gained on the pumps, and the fire increased much on board both ships; some officers persuaded me to strike, of whose courage and good sense I entertained high opinion. My treacherous master-atarms let loose all my prisoners without my knowledge and my prospects became gloomy, indeed. I would not, however, give up the fight. The enemy's main-mast began to shake and their firing decreased fast; ours rather increased, and the British colors were struck at half an hour past nine o'clock.

"The prize proved to be a British ship of war, the Serapis, a new ship of forty-four guns, built on the most approved construction, with two complete batteries, one of them of 18 pounders, and commanded by the brave Commodore Richard Pearson. I had yet two enemies to encounter far more formidable than the Serapis. I mean, fire and water. The Serapis was attacked only by the first, but the Bon Homme Richard was assailed by both; there were five feet of water in the hold, and though that was moderate from the explosion of so much gunpowder, yet the three pumps that remained with

difficulty only kept the water from gaining. It was ten o'clock the next day, (September 24th) before the fire was entirely extinguished in both vessels. With respect to the situation of the Bon Homme Richard, the rudder was cut entirely off, the stern frames and transoms were almost entirely cut away, and the timbers by the lower deck, especially by the main mast toward the stern, being greatly decayed with age, were mangled beyond my power of description to relate; a person must have been an eye witness to form a just idea of the tremendous scene of carnage, wreck and ruin, which everywhere appeared."

Other Americans on board, were less modest than Paul. One of the survivors said, among other things:—"The Commodore, with his ship in a sinking condition, managed to grapple with the Serapis, and with his own hands lashed the ships together, that it might be securely done. Then the men on both sides fought like demons. After the battle was over the decks of both ships resembled a butcher's shambles. Men's heads, arms, and legs, were strewed everywhere. The sawdust drank up most of the blood on the Richard, but we could plainly see it streaming down the sides of the Serapis, in the moonlight.

"The Richard was kept afloat until the next day, then sank, carrying down with it its glorious flag, and the dead in a glorious coffin. Then the English were given burial ceremonies and put overboard; after which the Serapis, which now housed us all, was scrubbed and made as habitable as possible. Two thirds of the men on both ships were either dead or wounded."

Another man, speaking of incidents during the awful fray, said:—"Just at this time the Commodore came down on the gun deck and said to Richard Dale: 'Dick his metal is too heavy for us at this business. He is hammering us to pieces. We must close with him! We must get hold of him! Be prepared at any moment to abandon this deck and bring what men you have left on the spar-deck, and give them the small arms for boarding when you come up.'

"The worst carnage of all on our ship, was on number two gun, forward starboard division. During the action nineteen different men served this gun, eighteen of them were either killed or desperately wounded. The one that was left alive was our little Indian, "Red Jerry;" he was one of the first to board the Serapis when ordered to leave his gun and board. The whole fight was just to Jerry's liking."

Another said: "Because our French marines, who composed a considerable part of our fighting force, had lost their officers, and were beginning to show discouragement, the Commodore for a time quit everything else and took charge of them. Not more than twenty-five French, just here, were left still able to fight. There were not more than nine of the twenty-five of these left alive, and unwounded, after the

battle was over. I was, myself, in the maintop at this time, fifty or sixty feet above the quarter deck, but I could distinctly hear, amid the crashing of musketry, the great voice of the Commodore cheering the French warriors in their own language, uttering such imprecations against the enemy as I never before or since heard in French or any other language, exorting them to take good aim, pointing out the object for their fire, and frequently giving them expert example by taking their loaded muskets from their hands and firing the guns himself.

"In fact, toward the very last, when the British were trying to cut loose from us, he had about him a half dozen Frenchmen who did nothing but load their muskets and hand them to the Commodore, who fired them from his shoulder as fast as they were presented, standing openly on the quarter deck rail, exposed to the fire of the enemy only a few feet away."

It is said that a full dozen Englishmen where shot down by Paul Jones while trying to cut loose before they gave up the attempt and fled before this super-man who was shooting them down, unscathed. Only a few minutes after this, the brave Captain Pearson, seeing that his ship must either surrender or go down with the Richard, ordered his colors hauled down and the fiercest duel between two ships, in all the history of the world, was over.

If Paul's great grandfather, Cadwallader Jones, in an hour of temptation, had done any-

thing in America, or anywhere else on this tempted earth, to sully his fame, his heroic descendant, who so freely offered his life to the cause of Liberty, in such a wonderful way, on that fateful September 23rd, 1779, must have washed away the stain. Unquestionably, on that day, he made the name of his ancestor one among the most respected among mankind.

The writer is glad to say that, in all the family talk he heard, fifty-five years ago, and for years after that, he never heard a word that would indicate that Paul Jones was an illegitimate, as has sometimes been suggested. He simply changed his name from that his father and grandfather Paul had, to that of his great grandfather Jones. Thousands of Welsh descent have done the same thing. Such a thing was not even strange one hundred and fifty years ago.

The writer believes that the whole mystery surrounding Paul Jones might have been cleared up if someone competent to do so had made an investigation in Fifeshire, and especially in Leith, just after the Admiral's death, in 1792. It may not be too late ever now. Paul's sisters evidently were ashamed of their Jones ancestors, the two bankrupt Cadwalladers, of whom we will speak later, and requested the historian that they be not mentioned, in the first history of the Admiral.

The Captain of the Serapis, after he had been exchanged, was arrested and ordered to

appear before a Court Martial to give his reasons for surrendering his vessel to a sinking ship. Will only give his answer to one question:—

"In your experience, Captain, has it been customary for French seamen to fight as the French did on the occasion of the loss of your ship?" The answer was:—

"No, sir. But to be perfectly clear in this case I must inform the Honorable Court that, long before the close of this action, it became apparent that the American ship was dominated by a commanding will of the most unutterable resolution; and there could be no doubt that the intention of her commander was, if he could not conquer, to sink alongside. And the desperative resolve of the American Captain was fully shared and fiercely seconded by every one aboard his ship, without respect to nationality."

Was Paul Jones a pirate? Was he even a buccaneer? No, he was as law abiding and as brave as was his ancient kinsman, Arthur, who defeated the Angles and Saxons in perhaps 584, A. D., in twelve bloody battles, and stayed them for years. Paul, when not in battle was as gentle, kind and knightly as ever Arthur was. He was a gentleman in every respect. His conquered enemy, Captain Pearson, could testify to both his courage and chivalry.

When Captain Pearson was brought onto the deck of the shattered Richard, and put in charge of her commander, the latter, in his official report, says:—

"Captain Pearson now confronted me, the image of grim despair. He offered me his sword with a slight bow, but was silent. His first Lieutenant followed suit. I was sorry for both of them, for they had fought their ship better and braver than any other English ship of war was ever fought before, and this fortune came hard to them. I wanted to speak, but they were so sad and dignified in their silence, I hardly knew what to say.

"Finally I mustered courage and said, as I took the swords and handed them to mid-ship-men Potter, at my elbow:—

"Captain Pearson, you have fought heroically. You have worn this sword to your credit and to the honor of your service. I hope your Sovereign will suitably reward you. He bowed again but made no reply."

Later, when Captain Pearson was removed to another ship, and asked to hand in the inventory of his personal property, so he would be allowed to keep it, he failed to exempt a sword of great value that had been given to him by the city of Bristol. His conqueror said:—

"Add that to your personal list also. The arms you wore on the Serapis I will keep and retain them officially. But the other weapon represents to you a recognition of your merits as an officer and a gentleman by your fellow countrymen, and could therefore be of no value to any other officer and gentleman."

Captain Pearson never forgot this act of chivalry on the part of the man who had beat him in battle and held him a prisoner of war.

As to the crime of piracy, most of the charges came about because Paul had not been understood. It originated about some plate that Paul's men, with his unwilling consent, had seized in the house of a nobleman, on the British coast. This whole affair was conducted properly and showed the difference between what had been done to Paul's plantation, in Virginia, and what he did to a rich home, lying on the coast of the enemy. The two following letters speak for themselves:—

"HIS LETTER TO THE COUNTESS OF SELKIRK"

Ranger, Brest, 8th May, 1778.

"Madam, it can not be too much lamented that in the profession of arms, the officer of fine feelings, and of real sensibility, should be under the necessity of winking at any action of persons under his command, when his heart can not approve; but the reflection is doubly severe when he finds himself obliged in appearance to countenance such action by his authority.

"This hard case was mine, when on the 23rd of April last, I landed on St. Mary's Isle. Knowing Lord Selkirk's interest with his king, and esteeming as I do his private character, I wished to make him the happy instrument of alleviating the horrors of hopeless captivity;

when, in this cruel strife, the brave are overpowered and made prisoners of war. It was perhaps fortunate for you, Madam, that he was from home; for it was my intention to have taken him on board the Ranger, and to have detained him until, thro' his means a general and fair exchange of prisoners, in Europe, as well as in America, had been effected. When I was informed by some men, whom I met at the landing, that his Lordship was absent, I walked back to my boat, determined to leave the island; by the way, however, some officers who were with me could not forbear expressing their discontent; observing that in America no delicacy was shown by the English, who took away all sorts of movable property, setting fire not only to the towns and to the houses of the rich, without distinction, but not even sparing the wretched hamlets or even the milch cows of the poor and helpless, at the approach of inclement winter. Some complaisance, therefore, was their due:-I had but a moment to think how I might gratify them, and at the same time do your Ladyship the least injury. I charged the two officers to permit none of the seamen to enter the house, or to hurt anything about it. To treat you, Madam, with the utmost respect, to accept of the plate which was offered, and to come away without making a search or demanding anything else. I am induced to believe that I was punctually obeyed; since I am informed that the plate which they brought away is far

short of the quantity expressed in the inventory which accompanied it. I have gratified my men; and when the plate is sold I shall become the purchaser, and will gratify my own feelings by restoring it to you, by such conveyance as you shall please to direct.

"Had the Earl been on board the Ranger, the following evening, he would have seen the awful pomp and dreadful carnage of a sea engagement; both affording ample subject for the pencil, as well as melancholy reflection for the contemplative mind. Humanity starts back from such scenes of sorrow, and can not but execrate the vile promotors of this awful war.

'For they, t'was unsheathed'd the ruthblade,

And Heav'n shall ask the havock it has made.'

"The British Ship of War, Drake, mounting 20 guns, with more than her full complement of officers and men, beside a number of volunteers, came out from Carrackfergus, in order to attack and take the American Continental Ship of War, Ranger, of 18 guns, and short of her complement of officers and men. The ships met, and the advantage was disputed with great fortitude on each side for an hour and five minutes, when the gallant commander of the Drake fell, and victory declared in favor of the Ranger. His amiable Lieutenant was mortally wounded; besides, near forty of the inferior officers and crew were killed and wounded. A melancholy

demonstration of the uncertainty of human prospects; and of the sad reverse of fortune which an hour can produce. I buried them in a spacious grave, with the honors due the memory of the brave.

"Tho' I have drawn my sword in the present generous struggle for the rights of men, yet I am not in arms altogether as an American, nor am I in pursuit of riches. My fortune is liberal enough, having no wife or family, and having lived long enough to know that riches cannot insure happiness. I profess myself a citizen of the world, totally unfettered by the little mean distinctions of climate or country, which diminish the benevolence of the heart and set bounds to philanthropy. Before this war began, I had, at an early time of my life, withdrawn from the sea service, in favor of "calm contemplation and poetic ease." I have sacrificed not only my favorite scheme of life, but the softer affections of the heart, and my prospects of domestic happiness, and I am ready to sacrifice my life also with cheerfulness, if that forfeiture could restore peace and good will among mankind.

"As the feelings of your gentle bosom cannot but be congenial with mine, let me entreat you, Madam, to use your soft persuasive arts with your husband, to endeavor to stop this cruel and destructive war in which England never can succeed. Heaven can never countenance the barbarous and unmanly practices of the English in America, which savages would

blush at; and which if not discontinued will soon be retaliated in Britain by a justly enraged people at home. Should you fail in this (for I am persuaded that you will attempt it; and who can resist the power of such an advocate?) your endeavors to effect a general exchange of prisoners will be an act of humanity which will afford you golden feelings on a death bed.

"I hope this cruel contest will soon be closed; but should it continue, I wage no war with the fair. I acknowledge their power and bend before it with profound submission; let not therefore the amiable Countess of Selkirk regard me as an enemy; I am ambitious of her esteem and friendship, and would do anything consistent with my duty to merit it.

"The honor of a line from your hand in answer to this will lay me under a very singular obligation; and if I can render you any acceptable service in France, or elsewhere, I hope you may see into my character so far as to command me without the least grain of reserve.

"I wish to know exactly the behavior of my people at your home, as I am determined to punish them if they have exceeded their liberty.

"I have the honor to be, with much esteem, and with profound respect, Madam,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,

Jno. P. Jones."

"LETTER FROM LORD SELKIRK" London, 4th August, 1785.

"Sir, I received the letter you wrote me, at the time you sent off my plate, in order for restoring it. Had I known where to direct a letter to you at the time it arrived in Scotland, I would have then written to you, but not knowing it, I was obliged to delay writing till I came here; when, by means of a gentleman connected with America, I was told Mr. LeGrand was your banker at Paris, and would take proper care of a letter for you; therefore I enclosed this to him. Notwithstanding all the precautions you took for the easy and uninterrupted conveyance of the plate, yet it met with considerable delay; first at Calais, next at Dover, then at London. However, it at last arrived at Dumfries, and I daresay quite safe, though as yet I have not seen it, being then at Edinburgh. I intended to have put an article in the newspapers about your having returned it, but before I was informed of its being arrived some of your friends, I suppose, had put it in the Dumfries newspaper, when it was immediately copied into the Edinburgh papers, and thence into the London ones. Since then I have mentioned it to many people of fashion, and on all occasions, Sir, both now and formerly, I have done you the justice to tell that you made an offer of returning the plate very soon after your return to Brest, and although you, yourself, were not at my home, but remained at the shore with your boat, that yet you

had your officers and men in such extraordinary good discipline that you, having given them the strictest orders to behave well, to do no injury of any kind, to make no search, but to bring off what plate was given them; that in reality they did exactly as ordered, and that not one man offered to stir from his post on the outside of the house, nor enter the doors, nor said an uncivil word; that the two officers stood not a quarter of an hour in the parlor and butler's pantry, while the butler got the plate together, behaved politely, and asked for nothing but the plate, and instantly marched their men off in regular order, and that both officers and men behaved in all respect so well that it would have done credit to the best disciplined troops whatever. Some of the English newspapers at that time having put in confused accounts of your expedition to Whitehaven and Scotland I ordered a proper one of what happened in Scotland to be put in the London papers by a gentleman who was then at my house, by which the good conduct and civil behavior of your officers and men was done justice. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

Selkirk."

Could Arthur of ancient Britain (Wales) have acted finer than did John Paul Jones on this, and a hundred other occasions? In fact, was there not much in John Paul Jones, in every way, to remind one of the great Arthur? Gentle when the occasion demanded, yet dreadful when facing the enemies of his country.

CHAPTER IV

Many years ago the writer heard of an old family record that had been begun about a thousand years before, in ancient Wales. been completed, it was said, about the year 1700, and was carried from Wales to Pennsylvania. Later a copy of it was carried to North Carolina, before the Revolution. Whatever became of the North Carolina copy, the writer is unable to say, but he has been able to secure another copy from the old Pennsylvania record, which is yet intact. It corroborates every thing the writer remembers concerning the family tradition, and tells in addition more than can be remembered of it. The writer has not the least doubt that, on one side at least, it is the Welsh family line of Paul Jones, from around 1600 back. It begins with Rodri Mawr, who, historians say, was one of the greatest of the descendants of Cunedda.

Following is only a skeleton of the history kept by the family for hundreds of years, from Rodri Mawr, who was killed in 877, down to John ap Evan, who died in Wales in 1697, and who was great grandson of Lewis; who was an

ancestor to Paul Jones. John ap Evan, if the writer has it correctly, was second cousin to Richard Jones, son of the Cadwallader Jones who got in bad when Charles I of England lost his head. It was this Cadwallader Jones' grandson, Cadwallader Jones of Rappahannock, that was great grandfather to Paul Jones. The older Cadwallader, the one who came to Virginia, 1623, was grandson of Lewis.

One of the Robert Jones' of Pennsylvania, son of John ap Thomas, was grandfather to what is known as Pennsylvania Paul Jones, whom we will mention later. This Robert Jones had a bachelor brother, named Cadwallader Jones, who became a ship owner, around 1700.

RODRI MAWR—or Roderick the Stone's history of Rodri and his descendants, and of his collateral kindred, takes up nearly half of a massive volume. We must be brief, and will therefore give but little more than does the old family record of Rodri. Rodri Mawr was a prince of South Wales while his father Merfyn, and his mother, Essyllht, both descendants of Llud, were ruling over all Wales. They ruled jointly as gwledigs, over some sixteen petty kings. Rodri at first was a vassal to his father and mother, but at his death he was gwledig of the then three great divisions of the Welsh; North Wales, South Wales, and Powys Land; the three embracing some sixteen small kingdoms. Rodri married Princess Angahard, whose brother Meurig, was king, or as the En-

glish called him, prince of a portion of Middle generally known as Powys Through the deaths of his grandmother, his mother and his father, and his brother-in-law. Rodri became gwledig or king of all the Welsh in 844, the year his father died. Rodri seems to have come into peaceable possession of the title of gwledig, not only over the three divisions of the Welsh, but over all the smaller kingdoms within these divisions; all recognizing in Rodri a real leader. He seems to have had some fighting inside his domain, but most of the time he kept his people busy in looking after their material welfare, and fighting their enemies, the English and Danes. Under Rodri the Welsh prospered greatly, as they generally did when given a chance.

One of the things that gave to Rodri the title, "Roderick the Great," was, that while the incoming Danes had conquered Ireland, much of what is now Scotland, and all of England, Rodri, everywhere, gave them such a taste of the terrible Welsh "Long Bow" they did not then, or ever afterward, succeed in conquering Wales. Rodri also, most of the time during his reign, beat the English. He took back from them great tracts they had wrested from his fathers. He was always backed by the Cmyru in Strathclyde, Cornwall, and Britany; in fact, secretly, by almost every Welshman on the British Isle. He was killed in a great battle with the Saxons in 877.

Great sorrow prevailed throughout all Cymru at the news of his death. He left the Welsh everywhere fighting their enemies, both Danes and English. Shortly afterward his sons led the Welsh in a great battle known as "Rodri's Revenge." It is usually known in history as the battle of Conway. The Saxons met a great defeat; and we find the Welsh chronicler recording it as, "God's vengeance for the slaughter of Rodri, a great and good man who had saved all Christians from the fury of the Pagan Danes." Once during his long war with the Danes they captured the Island of Mon, or Anglesea, just off the west coast of Wales, destroying Rodri's capitol, the City of Deganwy. He retaliated by defeating the Danish king, Horm, who had burned his capitol, slaving him with his own hand.

Rodri's sons, Anarwd, Cadell, and Merfyn, at his death, wrecked the Welsh position by dividing the three divisions of Wales between themselves. Anarwd, the eldest, took North Wales, and claimed also to be gwledig over South and Middle Wales; in fact over all the Welsh. Cadell, became prince of South Wales and Merfyn of Middle Wales. Neither would acknowledge their brother as over-king. The Paul Jones line came through Rodri's second son, Cadell.

CADELL—Prince of South Wales. The three sons of Rodri started working in harmony, but they were terrors to the other kings or princes who seceded from them. The princes of

Dyfed, Brycheniog, Glywysing, and Gwent, were all defeated and appealed to Alfred, the first really great over-king that the various English kings had ever agreed on. But Alfred was too busy fighting the Danes to give them much comfort.

Anarwd, being nearer to the Danes, who had conquered Ireland, made a truce with them instead of fighting as did his father. This angered Cadell, and when the truce between Anarwd and the Danes was broken, Cadell refused to help his brother against them, and Anarwd asked for an alliance with Alfred. The English king seeing Anarwd, who claimed to be gwledig, in dire straits, required him to acknowledge Alfred as sovereign over the Welsh, as he had been acknowledged over-king of the English. Alfred insisted that the English and Welsh must acknowledge one leader, or the Danes would conquer both countries.

Anarwd accepted, with the understanding that Wales should be free in all else than that the command of the forces of both the English and Welsh should be in Alfred, and only while the war with the Danes lasted. This alliance with the Welsh was one of the things that made this English king to be known as Alfred the Great. Thereafter, with Welsh help, Alfred beat back the Danes and for some years they were held at bay.

Friendly Welsh scholars, who could speak English, now flocked to the English court, after centuries of absence of any Welsh intercourse. The English needed this friendly alliance with a people who possessed a civilization centuries older than their own; and they made much of it as long as Alfred lived, and the friendly alliance lasted. Perhaps Cadell, an ancestor of Paul Jones, should have joined in with his brother, and made the alliance with the English complete at that time, instead of nearly 700 years afterward. But Cadell refused to treat with either the Danes, the English, or his brother.

This act of Anarwd marked the first time any Welsh king had acknowledged any overlord since the Romans withdrew. Cadell repudiated the Anarwd understanding with Alfred, and Alfred and Anarwd both marched against Cadell. History and family record is largely silent as to what happened; but, as the Welsh gwledig passed to Cadell's son on the deaths of Anarwd, Cadell, and Merfyn, the supposition is that Cadell held his own. Some of the descendants of Cadell bear the name of Cabell. There was a noted Southern General during the Civil War bearing the name of "Tige" Cabell.

HOWELL DDA—Or "Howell the Good." Thousands of Howells in America are descendants of this Howell. He was son of Cadell, and grandson of Rodri Mawr.

At first he was only prince of South Wales, and seemed to share the position of gwledig with his brother, Clydog, but he gradually, and forci-

bly in most instances, became famous. He was finally declared by nearly all the Welsh kings, or, as they now began to be known as princes, as gwledig. Family record says:—"Howell Dda, succeeded to his father's government in South Wales; but upon the death of his cousin, Idwall Voel, 943, (son of Anarwd) he acquired that of North Wales also. Soon he was called King of all the Welsh. Both he and his father, Cadell, had their residence and seat of government at Dinefwr, the great castle built by Rodri Mawr. It was built of stones and mortar on the bank of the River Towi. Howell's first wife was Sain, the daughter of the Duke of Cornwall. His second wife was Afrandreg, the daughter of Cynfr Fychan. His third wife was Ellen, who died 943. She was the daughter of the king of Dyfed. Howell was prince of South Wales for several years before he became gwledig about 927

Welsh history has pages and pages about this great ruler of the Welsh, at that time the most enlightened sovereign in all Europe. While he refused to be considered a vassal of Alfred's grandson, Athelstane, then king of England, the two formed an alliance against the Danes, and each seemed to sense the greatness of the other. Both were much alike. Both were scholars of high degree, and both encouraged learning, music and the other great arts of peace. Alfred had codified the laws of the Anglo-Saxons. Howell Dda codified, and put in book form, the

ancient laws and customs of the Welsh. Both were Blackstones, in a way, and both recorded many laws and customs that were in common. Time and different environment had caused them to be somewhat divergent. In only one respect, that regarding the laws of primogenture, or the eldest son taking almost all left by the father, were they so very greatly different.

When Howell Dda, who was a devout churchman, had his great law book finished, he took it to Rome to see if there was anything in his laws that were "contrary to the laws of God." Finding there was not, in the judgment of the Papal court, he returned to Wales and proclaimed them the laws of the land. They were, in the main, followed by the Welsh people for centuries; or until the complete union with England, 1585, some 600 years after Howell.

Howell Dda lived in the very darkest period of the Dark Ages. Greek and Roman civilization in South Europe had gone down to zero. The religion of Mohammet had superseded the religion of Christ in the greater portion of Asia, in all of Africa, and half way across Spain in Europe. It was getting ready to finally invade Constantinople, and all of southeastern Europe. The Danes, and other fierce pagans of Scandinavia, were sweeping down from the far north, robbing churches, and the people attending them, burning and murdering, without pity, in Ireland, Scotland, England, France, and throughout all western Europe. Never was civ-

ilized and Christianized human kind facing greater tribulations. No wonder nearly all Christians throughout all the earth set the year 1000 for the end of the world, and practically quit making anything except ascension robes.

Howell sympathized with the struggling Athelslane of England, and gave him aid and comfort; sending scholars also to his court, and helping to make life as tolerable as he could. But the Jutes, Angles, and Saxons were already under the shadow of the Northmen—The Danes and the Normans. They never altogether emerged therefrom. England today is a mixed race of Jutes, Angles, Saxons, Danes, Normans, Welsh, Scotch, Irish, and other peoples. But, really, all these races had come, in the long ago, from the same country; they were all of kin, and were easily merged together.

In free America, it was easy for all of the Japhetic blood to merge into one people. Here the Jutes, Angles, Saxons, all Teutons, easily merged with their distant cousins, the Welsh, Scotch, Irish, and Scandinavians; together with their more distant cousins, the Greeks, Italians, French, Spanish, Slavanians, and their still more distant cousins, the Shemites, and Hamites, to make one great united clan of Noah. How rapidly all these so-called races are becoming one great race of people, in America! Some good, some bad, some indifferent; but all really Cymru, or "brothers of the blood."

Bards were an institution among the ancient Irish, Scotch, and Welsh; in fact among all ancient peoples. It was the Bards who sang of war, of love, and of chivalry. Wales, preeminently the land of chivalry, was always full of them. No public gathering was complete without one or more of these wandering bards to play on their stringed instruments, and sing of the troubles, the joys, the hopes, and the glories of the ancient Cymrii.

Howell gave board, lodging and gold to every bard that sang within his great castle and palace at Dwinifer. And in his reign they sang as they seldom sang before or since. They had a "good-king" to sing to and about; not only good, but one of the great rulers of the world. It was much as if Arthur's day, of a few centuries before, had come again. Welsh knights vied with each other in feats of knighthood; and ladies fair—really ladies, and fair—looked on and applauded. In spite of the gloom that had enveloped Christian countries everywhere else, and notwithstanding the Dane was an ever present menace to the Welsh, yet this period was a sort of "golden age." Howell died in the year 950, and the homogeneity of Wales was again broken up. The Danish wars had consolidated the English under one ruler. Not so the Welsh. They had not suffered from the Dane as had the English. After this date the English people, sensibly, would tolerate but one king, or be ruled but by one authority. However

each little Welsh state remained practically independent of every other state. They tried to get on with a "weak union of discordant states."

OWAIN—Son of Howell Dda, by his third wife, Ellen. He was prince of South Wales. Thousands bearing the name of Owen or Owens have descended from this prince. In the days of the powerful and good Howell, the sons of his cousin, in north Wales, Idwal Voel, disputed the title of gwledig with him; but he was too strong for them and held it. At his death not one of his sons was strong enough to assert himself as overlord over these princes of North Wales, and there was civil war among the kinsmen of the North and South. At first Howell's sovereignty was divided between his three sons, Rodri, Edwain, and Owain. Rodri died 953, Edwain 954, and Owen took over what had belonged to his two brothers. But the sons of Idwal Voel took from him North and Middle Wales. Owain marched into North Wales declaring himself gwledig, but was defeated by the North Welsh, and the gwledig departed from South Wales for a long time. Owain refused to recognize any gwledig whatever, and fought against his cousins of North Wales and against the English also. He maintained the independence of South Wales for thirty-two years, dying in 986, full of years and honor. A worthy ancestor to John Paul Jones.

EINION—Eldest son of Owain, and by Welsh law entitled to be prince of South Wales, was

killed in a battle with the English at Pen Coed Colwym, 982, before his father's death. While the Welsh did not have the strict law of primogenture that most other people of that age had, and while all the sons of a prince had to be recognized in the divisions of wealth, honor and power, at the death of the father—a bad law—yet the eldest son was entitled to the best thing his father possessed. Also, every Welsh farmer, herdsman, or citizen whatever, had certain tribal rights in the lands belonging to his tribe, that could never be alienated. He, when other resources failed him, could always demand from the head of his tribe, "lands to till, pasture for his stock, and wood to burn."

He could also acquire, independently of this, all the lands, not strictly tribal lands, and all the personal property he could. At his death if he had, for instance, five children the eldest would take two-fifths of his property, and the other sons and daughters would each take equally the remainder. Kingdoms, princedoms, and lordships were divided up, as nearly as equity would allow, on the above plan. It nearly always resulted in family rows.

The "Welsh Founders of Pennsylvania," as one book refers to them, established this law of two parts for the eldest; the other sons and daughters to share the balance equally. The estate of one of the ancestors of the writer was so settled in Pennsylvania, 1758. Right to the use of tribal lands in Wales, in case of need, was

equal to all Welsh, male and female. Thus no Welshman could anciently ever be entirely without a chance in life.

CADELL—Eldest son of Einion was legal and rightful prince of South Wales, but, on account of his youth, his grandfather, Owain, requested that Cadell's uncle, Moreudd, take the throne. It was the grandfather's will. It was not Welsh law, and a long civil war in South Wales followed in which the house of Einion was bested for two or three generations, then won out.

TEDWR (Tudor)—Eldest son of Cadell. and really rightful and lawful prince of South Wales, was forced to flee into Britany, in France, just across the present English Channel, to which thousands of Welsh people as before remarked, had fled from Britain, during the early invasion of the Teutons. Here Tewdwr was received kindly by his kinsmen, who were in control of that country. He marched with the Britons, or Bretons as they are now called, against their enemies, and was killed in battle. This was the Welsh prince from whom the Tudor kings of England came. Owen ap Tudor, descended from the above prince Tudor, was a Welsh knight of wondrous personality. He resembled Paul Jones in many ways. He was an officer of the English King's Guard, at the court of Henry V, who had married Catherine, sister to the French king, Charles. At the death of Henry, for some kindness shown to the Queen

by this knightly and handsome Welsh descendant of Prince Tudor, (see Encyclopaedia Britannica on article Henry V), Queen Catherine fell in love with him, and, in spite of all that could be done, married him. Owen espoused the cause of his step-son, Henry VI, in the "War of the Roses," and lost his head. It was cut off, placed on a pole, and the pole planted on one of the main streets of Lud's-town, or London, which had been founded by Owen's far off ancestor, Llud.

A grandson of this Owen ap Tudor, named Henry, defeated Richard III, on Bosworth Field, and gave to England five Welsh sovereigns-Henry VII, Edward VI, Henry VIII, Mary, and Elizabeth. No sovereign of Britain ever gave England and Wales the glory given them by Elizabeth. If she had left an heir, the sovereignty of England would probably have remained in the house of Tudor to this day. Her father, Henry VIII, a strong but cruel king, overthrew the Catholic Church in England, and established what is yet known as the Church of England. All the Tudor sovereigns were distant cousins to Paul Jones; as was also Lord Rhys whose cavalry charge won the day for his kinsman, Henry VII, on Bosworth Field, and practically ended the War of the Roses in England forever.

RHYS—Eldest son of the first Tudor, spent the greatest portion of his life in Brittany, though the rightful prince of South Wales. He was much honored in Brittany and saw much fighting there. He was a leader of armies for more than seventy-five years. It was during his time that the wonderful tales of Arthur were being published anew in Brittany. It was believed that Merlin, the Welsh prophet and wizard, who was said to be living when Arthur was king, had prophesied that the blood of a man named Tudor would one day avenge the Britons and reign over Llud's-town, which was then held by the Teutons. Much hope was expressed in Brittany that Rhys ap Tudor would be the man. There may have been something to the prophecy as it was fulfilled nearly five hundred years later, under the Henry ap Tudor, as above mentioned.

Rhys bouyed up with this generally accepted prophecy of Merlin, and knowing himself to be the rightful prince of South Wales, and burning with hatred toward the Normans who had conquered England and were trying to crush Wales, left Brittany with a small fleet, and a small army of Breton soldiers, and, in his old age, boldly crossed over into his own country. It would take pages to tell of his exploits. We here give in a few words something in the old family history:—

"Rhys ap Tudor returned from Brittany when an old man to claim the sovereignty of South Wales, where he was received with great acclaim by the people as prince. He was slain in battle, by the Normans, in 1093, at the age of 96."

GRUFFYDD—(Griffith): Eldest living son of prince Rhys, became prince of South Wales on the death of his 96 year old father, in 1107. He led a war against the Normans, 1115, another in 1136. He was assisted by the father and brothers of his wife, Gwenllian, daughter of Gruffydd ap Cynan, of North Wales. The family history says: -- "Griffith ap Rhys subdued the entire country as far as Cardigon, driving the English-Normans, and Flemmings before him." All Welsh histories make him one of the greatest princes of South Wales. His not distant cousin, and father-in-law, of the same name, Gruffydd ap Cynan, was at this time considered as gwledig of the Welsh. He was a great ruler, forever at war with the Normans. Most of the Welsh princes and lords followed him. At one time it looked as though nothing could stay his His wife was a Danish princess progress. named Ragaile, daughter of Olaf, the Danish king of Dublin. Gruffydd ap Cynan, at one time had been forced to flee into Ireland. He was given great assistance by the Danes after his marriage in that country.

Gwenllian, as remarked, was a daughter of Gruffydd ap Cynan, and through her mother was of half Danish blood. Fighting blood it was. She was one of the ancestresses of John Paul Jones. Gruffydd, her husband, of South Wales, died in 1137. He has thousands of descendants throughout the world named for him. Other thousands descended from his father-in-law,

Gruffydd ap Cynan of North Wales, and gwledig or over-king of all the Welsh. Both these Gruffydds died in the same year 1137. Gruffydd ap Cynan was the ancestor of Llewelyn the Great. Both were ancestors of Paul Jones, as was the other Gruffydd.

It would require a whole book to tell of one-half of the exploits of Gruffydd ap Cynan, and his Welsh-Danish descendants. English histories, most of them, do not even mention his name; it was always so. Probably it will always be so. English historians just cannot, or will not, do justice to Welsh history. That is the reason the world knows so little about the Welsh.

RHYS—Eldest son of Gruffydd ap Rhys, was prince of South Wales upon the death of his father. He was as great as any prince South Wales had ever had. The Normans refused him the name of prince on the theory that Wales was a conquered country and had no longer a prince. If the Welsh were conquered they did not know They were often crushed but never fully it. suppressed. However, prince Rhys is generally known in history as "The Powerful Lord Rhys." He was, his whole life, fighting the Danishized, Normanized, English. Finally he made peace with and formed an alliance with Henry, and his cross bowmen became a nightmare to the French that Henry was warring against; there was nothing like the old Welsh cross bow among any ancient people. Stone makes mention of a

number of incidents that prove this. One of these incidents relate that while the Welsh were besieging a Norman Castle one soldier let fly an arrow that penetrated "a solid wooden door four fingers thick; in memory of which circumstance the arrow was preserved in the gate, with the head on one side of the door and the shaft on the other."

William de Bereose, a Norman, tells how one of his soldiers, in a battle with the Welsh, was wounded by an arrow which passed through the armor protecting his leg and went on through his thigh into his saddle, thus entirely pinning his hip to the saddle. The pain was so great he turned his horse around to flee the place when another arrow came, penetrating his armor and pinning his other thigh to the saddle. terrible bows were made of wild elm," says De Bereose, "and are almost as effective as was the Roman Ballista." This great bow of the Romans was operated by machinery which required several men to manage. Perhaps there would not have remained a Welshman alive, but for their wondrous long bows.

There is a Lord Rhys today occupying the same great estate that belonged to his ancestors, the Rhys. Rhys' ap Gruffydd's wife was named Gwenllian. She was the daughter of Madog, Prince of Middle Wales, or Powys. The husband died in year 1197.

RHYS GRYG—(probably means Rhys 3rd), was the third son of prince Rhys of South Wales.

His eldest brother became prince of South Wales which contained about one-third of the Welsh country. Rhys Gryg, while not a prince, became Lord of Dwinefwr, and lived in the ancient castle of Dwinefwr, built by his great, great, great, great, great, great, great, great, great, great grandfather, Rodri Mawr. This castle was on the estate now held by the present Lord Rhys, who is descended from the same ancestry as was Paul Jones. There were Welsh castles long before there were Norman castles.

Rhys Gryg was given not only the lordship of Dwinefwr, but also the Cantref of Mawr, (or great Cantef). A great Cantref was an estate that contained an hundred villages. So Rhys was a great lord, as were several of his direct descendants.

The wife of Rhys Gryg was Elliw, daughter of Thomas, a Norman Lord living in the ancient Welsh kingdom of Brecheinog.

This marriage into the Norman Thomas family was the beginning of the name Thomas in the old Welsh family line. It was the first Norman blood to enter the line. Thomas was one of the great Norman lords, on the Welsh border; which, by this time, bristled all along with Norman castles, many of which had been wrested from the Welsh, and which the Welsh loved to recapture and tear down. But for the fair sex, the Norman-English and Welsh may have never agreed on a peaceable union, under Henry Tudor, 1585.

Rhys Gryg, after receiving his death wound fighting the Norman-English 1233, was taken to his castle at Dwinefr and died. He was buried at St. David's, the oldest church site, so far as known, still existing in Wales; or in Europe outside of Rome. It was, in ancient times, one of the sacred spots, not only of the Welsh, but for deeply religious peoples throughout the world. It was standing in Arthur's day. It is much older than David for whom it was named. St. David was himself a prince,—a descendant of Cunedda, and of Llud and Mulmute. Cunedda became a Christian around year 375. This old church was in existence before Cunedda was born. Jefferson Davis of the Southern Confederacy, was of Welsh descent, and may have been descended from this Prince, and Saint, David.

RHYS MECHYLL—Or Rhys Junior. He inherited Dwinefwr castle and Cantref Mawr. Was son of Rhys Gryg and lord of the old castle.

RHYS VYCHAN—Lord of Dwinefwr, died 1271. Buried in Abby of Tally, founded by his ancestor, Rhys ap Gruffydd. Was son of Rhys Mechyll.

RHYS WENDOT—Rhys the Lame. Was lord of Dwinefwr. Was son of Rhys Vychan.

MADOG COCH—Or Madog the Red Haired Was son of Rhys Wendot.

Anciently the Britons, or Welsh, were all fair skinned, blue eyed and light haired,—often red-haired. But in South Wales there had been, anciently, a considerable mixture with the older

Silures, who, were in Britain when the fair races came. The Silures, as we have mentioned. came from the Mediterranean country, centuries before the Britons reached what is now the British Isle. Many of these dark hued Mediterranean people had also settled in what is now Ireland and Scotland. Hence some dark-skinned Irish and Scotch. Many of the South Welsh, that settled in Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, North Carolina, and other colonies, in pioneer days, had become dark-skinned, black-eyed and black-haired because of this amalgamation in South Wales. Of course many of these South Welsh folks would emigrate to North Wales, as did some of this very family we are mentioning. They were more or less dark for the reason above stated. Some of them were very dark. Paul Jones was almost as dark as a Syrian; with raven black hair, and piercing black eyes. These features he inherited from the ancient South Welsh, and Highland Scotch. Yet Paul Jones had at least four ancestors, one after the other, who were red-headed, as indicated by the word "goch."

Madog Goch married Tanglwyst, daughter of Godanwy, prince of Glamorganshire. Glamorganshire is a part of the ancient kingdom that was ruled over by the very ancient Morgans. The founder of the great Morgan banking house in New York was a descendant of the kings that had their capitol in what is now Glamorganshire, or Glamorgan County, Wales. So, to the

ancient reigning Morgan family in Wales, Paul Jones could also have traced an ancestry.

TRAHAIRARN COCH—Married Gweffyl, and died before 1325. Was the son of Madog Goch.

DAVID GOCH-Son of Trahairarn Goch. He married a very distant cousin, a girl named Maude. She was descended on one side from Llewelyn, one of the greatest kings or princes of North Wales; and who became gwledig, and ruled all the Welsh with great glory. Never was Wales in a more prosperous state than during the reign of this descendant of Mulmute, Llud, Cunedda, Cadwallader, Rodri Mawr, and Gruffydd ap Cynan, father-in-law of Gruffydd ap Rhys. Llewelyn married Joanna, daughter of John, the Norman English king of England. So this marriage of David, named for the great Welsh saint, a far off relative, with the granddaughter of Llewelyn and Joanna, made all the descendants of David, also descendants of Llewelyn; and also, through Joanna, descendants of John and William the Conqueror; as John was directly descended from Norman William. After Llewelyn married Joanna, the daughter of King John, the name John began to multiply; after she named her eldest son, John. Perhaps most of the Johns, or Jones', could trace ancestry back to Llewelyn and Joanna.

John's mother, Eleanor, was a Frankish or French ex-queen. Originally she was a princess, and practically the owner of Aquitaine, which then formed what is now nearly one-third of France; or, at least it and the other provinces held by Eleanor amounted to that much. She first married Louis VII of France, and accompanied him to Antioch, on one of the crusades against the Turks in Palestine. At Antioch they quarreled and both came back to France. Here they were divorced, the Pope of Rome consenting. She then married Henry II of England, and they tried to run Louis out of France, taking nearly half of his country from him.

Eleanor and Henry finally separated. The mother caused all the children, of whom Richard Coeur De Lion was one, to turn against their father. On his death, John, the youngest, who had been the favorite of his father, turned against the old man. John finally became king, though the legal title was no doubt in his nephew, Arthur, who was believed put to death by order of John. This, however, is rather doubtful as John was not all bad. Shakespeare did not believe the story.

By David marrying a descendant of Eleanor the descendants of David were also descendants of all the kings of France and Germany that descended from Charlmagne; from whom Eleanor descended. So, thus far, if this is the true line of Paul Jones, we find he was possessed of at least Welsh, Scotch, Danish, Norman, English, and Frankish blood, of royal strain; he was certainly descended from many of the greatest warriors the world has known. His strain was

mixed with both good and bad blood; some very good, some very bad.

David became a man of peace. He was tired of endless war. He was a true descendant of Cadwallader the Blessed, who turned to religion when war failed to stop the Angles and Saxons. David became Abbot and presided over the famous Monastery of St. Mary's, on Beardsly Isle. He was probably the last of this direct line that was lord of Dinefwr. It now belongs to one of the collateral families of Paul Jones' line.

But the family history goes on mentioning a great, great grandson of David marrying the daughter of a lord. In fact all the direct descendants of David, up to around the year 1700, seem to have married persons of high position; many of them were possibly lords; however the family history does not say. David died in year 1352.

IEVAN GOCH—Or Evan the Red-haired, was the SECOND son of David. Perhaps thousands of Evans' in the United States could trace their ancestry to this Evan, or from the still more ancient Evan from whom this one was, by marriage, descended. The name of Evan, like that of Lloyd, Cadwallader, Griffith, Owain, Howell, Llewelyn, and other old Welsh names, is a very ancient and honorable one. Evan married Efa, of Montgomeryshire. He courted her at, "The Castle O'Montgomery."

MADOG—Son of Evan Goch, married Ales, daughter of Evan of Guilsfield.

DEIKWS DHU.—Or Deikws the Black-Haired, was son of Madog. He was captain under Henry Bolinbroke when that adventurer, with no legal right to the English throne, was seeking it. When Henry succeeded and became king of England, he forgot many of his old friends. He accused Deikws of treason and deprived him of his land, which seems to have been considerable. Deikws Dhu may have been the last lord of this direct line. Deikws married Given, daughter of the lord of Cymwd.

EINION—Son of Deikws Dhu, married Morfydd, daughter of the lord of Leyn. Named for his far off ancestor, Einion, lawful prince of South Wales, who was killed in battle before his father's death. The Ninian family probably descended from these Einions.

HOWEL—Son of Einion, fought at Bosworth Field under his distant cousin, the great Welsh Lord Rhys, who was the power behind the throne that seated his kinsman, Henry ap Tudor, on the throne of England. It was all settled on Bosworth Field. Lord Rhys was made a sort of governor over all the Welsh, because of what he did that day. In fact Henry made of him a sort of gwledig over the Welsh. From this on until the union, Wales fared a little better. Really most all the time, since Bosworth Field, the Welsh have been getting on better and better. There was a vast deal to overcome, however. Under the Welsh Lloyd George's premiership of Great Britain, Wales came fully

into her own. The World War would probably have gone in favor of the Germans but for the brains of Lloyd George, a probable descendant of the founder of old London; his ancestors fought the Germans 1500 years ago; their distant kinsmen then as now.

Edward I, thought he had conquered Wales a long time before Bosworth Field, but events proved otherwise. Wales had given up some of her princes, more because the people had tired of the perpetual civil wars they fomented than because Edward demanded it. Besides there were some great princes in Wales after Edward was dead. And there has never ceased to be a Welsh Lord Rhys.

GRUFFYDD—Son of Howel, owned a part or all the parish of Yapytty Evan, in Denbighshire, Wales. He married Gwenllyan, who was descended from Moelwynog, the far off ancestral head of the Ninth Noble Tribe of the Britons.

LEWIS—Son of Gruffydd; of the parish of Yappytty Evan, married Ellen, daughter of Edward ap Evan. Norman names had begun to multiply among the Welsh by now.

Lewis is Norman French. He had, among other sons, Cadwallader, John, and Robert. The Virginia line of Jones' came through John, the son of Lewis, and the Pennsylvania Jones' came through Robert's grandson, John, a great grandson of Lewis, as heretofore mentioned. Roger Jones, who founded a great family in Virginia, was a descendant of Lewis. So was Peter,

and nearly all the other Virginia and Pennsylvania Jones'. And the Jones' were only a few of the descendants of Lewis.

Robin Jones, founder of a noted Virginia and North Carolina family, had Lewis for an ancestor. It was at the North Carolina home of one of the Robin's descendants, Wylie Jones, brother to General Allan Jones, that Paul Jones was assured that he was the lawful owner of the Jones plantation on the Rappahannock, in Virginia; on receipt of this assurance it was that Paul said, "I am now John Paul Jones." This, at least, is the tradition of the Illinois Jones' family. Wylie Jones' wife had nothing to do with it. Wylie was yet single. Married 1776.

CHAPTER V

The author does not desire the reader to get the idea that he is trying to minimize the great people from whom the mother of John Paul Jones was descended. No people in all the world are to be considered superior to the brave and liberty loving Scots. We only regret that we have been unable to secure the direct genealogy of Jeannie MacDuff, as we believe we have done in the case of the Welsh grandmother of Jeannie's unconquerable, yet knightly son. Paul's sisters alone are to blame. They could not consistently suppress Paul's Welsh ancestry without suppressing his Scotch ancestry also.

According to the Illinois and Indiana tradition, and history as well, Jeannie's father, Ian or John MacDuff, was a Scotish Highlander, descended from the warlike MacDuff's immortalized by Shakespeare. The MacDuff of Shakespeare was descended from the Scotish kings of Argyll, who in turn were descended from the Scotish kings of Dal Riado; who for centuries ruled over what is now Antrim, in Ireland; and over considerable other territory around An-

All the Highlanders that are now in trim. Scotland, came by way of what is now Ireland: and the people called Scots reached Ireland, according to Irish history, which no one is able to disprove, about the year 550 B. C. That was probably about the time their kinsmen, the Brythons were beginning to found Britain, on Albion's Işle. Both found ahead of them a darkerhued race, highly civilized, that had reached there in ships, from the Mediterranean country, centuries and centuries before. About all of what is now Great Britain was first colonized same race—the people who erected by this Stonehenge,-who had, at first, the same sun worship as had the ancient Egyptians; as had also possibly the equally ancient Cretans. Later on came the worship of Baal, probably introduced by the later Phoenicians. Both Egypt and Crete had a great civilization, and were lords of the sea, a thousand years ahead of the Phoenicians.

The Picts, all kinsmen, beyond a reasonable doubt, came soon after, or along with the Scots, and lived in Antrim, and other sections of Ireland with them, and helped the Scots take more territory in what is now Ireland; as the Scots helped the Picts out in what is now North Scotland. The Picts and Scots were for centuries at war with their kinsmen, the Brythons, in the Isle of Albion. The fact that the Scotish kingdom in Ireland was called Dal Riado, meant that the people therein were descendants of a

powerful chief among the ancient Scots, named Riado. Riado had descended from a redoubtable, and more ancient chief, known as Scot. his turn Scot was descended from a still more distant, and even more redoubtable chieftain named Miled. Hence, in Irish history, the Scots were sometimes called Milesians. Miled could trace his ancestry directly back to Noah; which is just as reasonable as that the Jews can do so; yet, while these Milesians were an enlightened people, as well as brave and warlike; while they could read and write, manage ships, and carry on their affairs as intelligently as could the Jews, Greeks, Phoenicians, or Romans, yet just mention the historic name of Noah, and modernists reject everything historic. Immediately all really ancient history,—Jewish, Babylonian, Armenian, Irish, and what not, becomes a myth to the over confident writers of this age, who seem to be frantic to find an unworthy ancestry.

Much of lost history could be reconstructed from this ancient Irish, or rather Scotish, geneology, if a scientific man could be induced to really study it. The Milesians claimed to have reached Spain after a long treck via the north shore of the Black sea, and the north shore of the Mediterranean. Sometimes they were on the south shore; sometimes on the sea. Why not? The descendants of Japhet were unquestionably often on the south shore of both these seas. Guziot, the famous French historian, says the Gauls or Goidels, were in what is now

Spain at least 1500 years B. C. Josephus, an eminent Jewish historian, more than 1800 years ago, when there were then ten thousand ancient books to be consulted, which the Turks afterward destroyed, said: "Japhet, the son of Noah, had seven sons. They inherited lands beginning at the mountains of Taurus and Amanus; (in eastern Asia Minor); they then proceeded along Asia as far as the river Tanais, (the modern Don) and from thence along Europe to Cadiz."

They followed, generally, when on land, in their earliest emigrations, the north shores of the Black and Mediterranean Seas, or sailed along said shores. Modern writers can not dispute this, but will not believe it because Noah is mentioned. The critical Encyclopaedia Britannica, however, in its 11th edition, admits that the Cimrii or Gomrii, that settled Crimea, originally dwelt in the mountains of eastern Asia Minor; "they," it says, "conquered the ancient Hittite empire and may have descended from Gomer, grandson of Noah." Very anciently the Cimrii, or Gimrii, were called Gomrii. The Cimrii, with their cousins, not only conquered the Shemites and Hamites who had preceded them into Asia Minor, but they conquered them, finally, everywhere in Europe as well. The mountains of Taurus and Amanus are only spurs of the mighty Caucasus range, over which the descendants of Gomer are yet reaching the north shore of the Black Sea to this day.

The Scots, or Milesians, in their long genealogy, mention both an Eber and a Goedel. How came Iberia (now Spain) to be so called? Before the arrival of the Galacians, or Gauls, a darker-hued people had occupied what is now Iberia, or the Spanish peninsula. They were undoubtedly descendants of either Shem or Ham, whose fathers had for centuries before they arrived, in what is now Spain, been living amid the hot winds and burning sands of the deserts, or on the low Mediterranean.

The descendants of Japheth had been bleaching amid the snows of the Taurus, Caucasus, or on the plateaus of Iran, or Ayran, where were millions of square miles of highlands on which to bleach. Noah probably lived centuries farther back than estimated by Bishop Usher, who did not help the Bible any by his human figuring. Chronologists should learn that in very ancient times any descendant of a man was his son. It was so easy to leave out a lot of their descendants and only make mention of those who finally separated from their people and moved their tribes into another country. A son, in antiquity, might be a thousand years, or more, younger than his father.

The descendants of Japheth lost some of their early civilization during centuries spent in the primeval forests of South, Central, Western and Northern Europe. We know that only 200 years in the wilderness took much of the polish off the Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, and

North Carolina peoples who entered it; but that did not prevent the wilderness from producing great men; such as George Washington, Abraham Lincoln and hundreds of others. Likewise, the descendants of Japheth, who came by sea, or through the mighty forests of Europe, were never the savages the Greeks, Romans, and other kindred enemies painted them. They had always had money, owned wagons, built ships, and had all kinds of personal property. Whenever they had a chance they were good traders, farmers, and fruit growers.

Returning to the Milesian genealogy: it is unquestioned that the white race changed the Basque name of Escual—Herria to Iberia. Possibly Eberia at first, which suggests the Eber of the Milesian genealogy. In this same genealogy why not conclude that its Goidel was one of the many chiefs of the Milesians, and ancestor to the Goidels, who were conquering the dark-hued race in what is now called France, while Eber, and his tribe were conquering Escual—Herria? Iberia and Gaul sound like Eber and Goidel. Why did the people who came to Hibernia, possibly Ebernia, so name the Emerald Isle? Were not some of the emmigrants Eberites?

Did they not also bring with them some memory of ancient Iran, Aryan, or Erin? Possibly the oldest name that Ireland bore was either Iran, Aryan, Erin, or Erne;

"And I came to awaken my brethren, That slumber on Arin's green shore." It is sure that Ireland received her Goidels, or people from Gaul, often called Gaels, at about the same time she received the Milesians or Scots from Spain. They were all of kin, all no doubt Cimrii, all had been together, probably, in the Taurus mountains; possibly also in the Crimea, on the Black Sea, and in Austrian Galacia.

One of these Milesian comers to Ireland was a king named Eber. He claimed to be from Iberia, in Sythia. That there was anciently an Iberia on the northeast coast of the Black Sea is not doubted. Iberia, or Spain, was most probably colonized from this older Iberia.

The name "Ireland" came to the island after the Danes had conquered its ancient peoples; or had at least, for a time crushed them. No people on earth can ever completely conquer the Irish, no matter by what name they happen to be called. Rome never tried seriously; and the Anglo-Saxons and Normans had no better success than did the Danes. They could overrun, but could not subdue the Irish for any length of time. The same was true after they reached Scotland. The ancient name of Scotland was Caledonia. The Silures so called it. Later, it was called Pictland, afterward Scotland. Its present name came to it from its friends, the Scots, who left, or were driven out of Ireland. The names Ireland and Wales were given to those countries by their enemies. It is really strange why those names came to be accepted by the Welsh and Irish peoples; but, "What's in a name?"

Anciently, there were numerous chiefs that became of enough importance to be called kings among all the peoples then living in what is now Great Britain; and also throughout the primitive world for that matter. All peoples throughout the world have, at one time or another, been much alike.

In what is now the limited area of Wales, there were at one time sixteen little kingdoms; and often many of these would not obey the gwledig or supreme king of the Welsh. There were also numerous small kingdoms in Ireland, and the ardri or high king of Ireland, could hardly ever be sure of the fealty of all the various local kings. The same was true of the early Picts and Scots in Scotland, and it was even true in England.

For a long time after the conquest in Britain was begun, there were a number of separate kingdoms in what is now England, each absolutely independent of the other, and often warring with each other. This is perhaps all that saved the Welsh from complete annihilation. The Anglo-Saxons learned the advantage of having one supreme head of government long before the Welsh, Irish, or Scots learned the same thing. The pressure of the Danes helped in this respect. A great poet in Wales struck the key note when he said: "What the Welsh need, to make them a contented and happy peo-

ple, is one prince and that a good one." But it took a long time for patriarchal authority to be surrendered to the general authority of a whole people; and it was so throughout the old world.

The germ of each ancient kingdom was, originally, in the body of one man. This man, generally, a warrior, father, grandfather, or maybe great grandfather, of a number of warriors, was the head or chief of the family. he were strong enough to unite a number of other families with him, he ceased to be just chief of his own family, or tribe, and became a petty king of all the peoples confederated together. Of course, almost always, the confederated tribes were kinsmen; for, in the early stages of the decimated world, all the descendants of Noah were of near kin. As men very early began to put the rich tillable lands in cultivation, and came to command the rivers and seas, these little kingdoms grew into larger and larger kingdoms; and sometimes into empires. Occasionally a great republic, like Rome, would rise and exist for centuries. The Greeks, finally, had numerous small republics. In such cases the patriarch was swallowed up by the state, states, or empire; but in the desert, along the plains, in the mountains, or in the forest, the chief, or petty king, was the forerunner of government.

The ancient Scotch, Irish, Welsh, and Anglo-Saxons, loved local self-government inordinately. All civilizations have crumbled when the

people have allowed their local governments to be entirely superseded by a great general government. We, of course, should never again have a chief, prince, or king; as we are through with hereditary rulers, but the American people should forever and forever, be jealous of the local rights of their cities, counties, and states. It is right to have a gwledig at Washington, and a Congress representing all the States, but we should curb the gwledig's power and should never consent that he, or Congress either, should become the sole power and authority of the American people. No American citizen should ever forget that ours is an "Individible Union of Indestructible States;" and no one ever believed in this doctrine more than did John Paul Jones.

For generations the Scots and Picts, in Ireland, lived peaceably together; during which time the Picts conquered the dark-hued peoples in Caledonia, who may have been already somewhat amalgamated with the first Brythons that came into "Albion." The author has no doubt that the Picts were a subtribe of the Scots, as the long friendship between these two mighty peoples can be explained in no other way.

It is passing strange that there is no history extant regarding the Picts. They have no separate treatment in even so comprehensive a work as the Encyclopaedia Britannica. One has to read scores of subjects in this encyclopaedia before he can get an idea of who they really were, and what they did. And yet the

Picts of Caledonia, aided by the Picts in Ireland, and their kinsmen there, the Scots and Goidels, not only held the whole Roman Empire at bay for more than 300 years, but during that time took from the Romans much of South and West Britain, which the latter were supposed to hold for the various Brython kings that had consented to allow the Roman Caesars to become their gwledigs or overlords. Not only this, but, so afraid were the Romans, they built two great walls clear across the peninsula in Caledonia to keep back the dreaded Picts, and their equally dreadful allies, the Scots; who came to help the Picts, from what is now Ireland. These two peoples had more to do with the withdrawal of the Roman legions, years 407-410, than history has recorded. The beginning of the conquest of Romanized Gaul, by the Teutonic kinsmen of all the ancient peoples in the British Isles, about this time, also showed them that Roman ascendency was about over in Britain; as it would be soon in Gaul. History, written by the Romans, say the legions were needed in Rome at the time they were withdrawn from Britain. This was so, but their day was over in Britain anyway.

There is no doubt, in the mind of the author, that the Romans had practically turned over to Cunedda, one of the kingly ancestors of Paul Jones, the Scot and Picts situation, about 400 A. D. By this time there had been set up in what is now Wales, several small kingdoms, by

the Scots and Picts, aided by the Goidels, all from Ireland; the latter peoples seemed to have been by now united with the other two. Even the Brythons who had settled in Ireland, and had become powerful there, by marriage and otherwise, now turned against their brother Britons, in what is now Wales. It is even likely that the great Niall, who in years 375-406. was ardri, or overlord in Ireland, was at least a half Brython. He is the man whose descendants came to be the ardris, or overlords, of most of the kings in Ireland; and they kept it up almost as long as the descendants of Cunedda were gwledigs in Wales. Niall is the man from whom the Irish O'Neills, or O'Neals have descended, as well as scores bearing other names. In Irish the "O" in all cases is to show that the man who is entitled to use it before his name, is a descendant of a king; so do not look down upon an O'Neill, an O'Connor, an O'Kelly, or any other Irishman with an O' before his name, simply because he may be poor in this world's goods. His far off ancestor was a king; probably lived in a palace; maybe was clothed in royal purple, slept on a bed of eiderdown, and dined on the best of the land. It was through many of these kings of Ireland that the Scottish mother of Paul Jones was descended.

When the Scotch and Irish were commanded by despised statute laws to take surnames, each Irishman, as a rule, chose the single name his father was bearing, at that time, for a sur-

name. But many a one who had had, in days long past, an ancestor of greater distinction than his father, selected said far off ancestral name for his surname; he kept the suffix "mc" before said surname so that all his descendants might know that they were sons, or rather descendants, of said noted ancestor. Thus, if an ordinary Irish farmer at the time of said act of parliament bore the name of Dennis mc Karney had had a noted ancestor named Lean, he advised his son not to write his name Dennis Mc-Karney, but Dennis McLean; or Dennis, descendant of the noted Lean; the appelation "mc" meaning son of, as "ap" meant same in Wales. The Welsh all being supposed descendants of a noble, named Bryth, were satisfied with only the simple suffix of "ap" or "ab", without writing it in front, and making it a part of the surname, and not using a capitol "A."

It was the same way with the prefix "mac" in Scotch. Anciently "mac" like "mc" simply meant son of. Yet when a surname had to be taken that was to last as long as the male line lasted, many Scotch sons went over the heads of their fathers to some noted ancestor,—chieftain, king, or otherwise,—of the line. Now when you meet a MacGregor, you may know that you have met with a man descended from a noble Scotch chieftain or king named Gregor; who may have lived before the Scots left Ireland, or possibly before they left Spain, or the Iberia on the Black Sea. The author once knew

an ordinary miner by the name of MacGregor whose ancestors, for hundreds of years, were mighty chieftains in the Highlands of Scotland. He also knew a poor laboring Welshman descended from kings, and related to Paul Jones, who would sometimes quote the poet Grey:—

"The path of glory lead but to the grave."
However, he was cheerful and contented with his lot.

Cunedda, one of the ancient ancestors, of John Paul Jones, around 400 A. D., was a king under the Romans; who, at the earnest supplication of the West Britons, marched, even before the Romans had departed, southward from Strathclyde, and met Niall, the ardri of Scotia, (Ireland), while he was ravishing the coast of what was afterwards South Wales. In the year 406, a year before the Romans began to abandon Britain, Niall was at last, utterly defeated and mortally wounded in a single combat with Cunedda. He was driven to his ship, where he died as the fleet sailed for home, and the wars of the Scots and Picts against the Britons were ended during the lifetime of Cunedda. was something chivalric about this personal combat between the great Niall, Neill, or Neal, and the great Cunedda, that has made their descendants friends for more than 1500 years.

Cunedda displaced the several Irish, or rather Scottish and Pictish kings in Britain, and put his own numerous sons and grandsons on their thrones; thus making the house of Cunedda forever supreme in what is now Wales. And the Anglo-Saxons never conquered what Cunedda had won.

As St. Patrick was captured by the Scots who were ravaging South Wales, and carried to Scotia, (Ireland) in year 406, some have thought that this captive Welsh boy of sixteen, who played so great a part in the religious life of Ireland, afterward, may have been carried to Ireland in the same ship that carried the corse of the unfortunate Niall. Cunedda had twelve sons, besides grandsons, who fought by his side when Niall was overcome and mortally wounded.

After the Romans withdrew from Britain, and after the Scots and Picts despaired of being able to occupy it, the Picts consented that the crowded Scots should occupy a portion of Caledonia, or what became Pictland. So in year 503, A. D., Erc McFergus, or Erc, son of Fergus, led a large colony of Scots over to Caledonia, and settled in Argyll and Kyntyre. It seems to have been perfectly agreeable with their kinsmen, the Picts; some of whom continued to live The father of the man who lead there also. this colony was a descendant of Connor II, who in his day, was ardri, or high king of Scotia, a descendant of Niall. This shows the fact that the DalRiadic Scots, (Dal means one division of the Scots,) were at least among the big and ruling people of what is now Ireland. As the Danes were, originally, same as the Scots, from the plains of Ayran, or Iran, in Asia, descendants

of Dan, (not the Jewish Dan), may they not have been trying to give back to the island its probably ancient name of Ayrland? No one will doubt that the people living there now are mostly of Aryan descent. And many of the descendants of Dan were in the Crimean country, in the long ago. Possibly in the days of Moses.

At first the Scots that went over to Argyll were governed from DalRiada in Scotia; but St. Columbia, who had taken up his abode in Argyll, persuaded the king of DalRiada to acknowledge the independence of the Scots in Caledonia in the year 574. Before this they had occupied many of the Pictish islands off the west coast, and had extended their boundaries beyond Argyll and Kentyre on the mainland. This began to anger their kinsmen, and neighbors, the Picts, so in year 660 they went to war with the Scots, and gave them the worst of it.

Again in the year 761, there was war between the two peoples, and Angus McFergus, king of the Picts, completely overcame the Scots, and united both under the government of the Picts. Around year 800 the Danes began to make war against everybody in what is now Great Britain, and kept it up for more than 200 years. They, as has been stated, conquered England and Ireland completely, and ruled both countries with Danish kings for a good while. They did not make much headway against the Welsh, nor the Scots in Caledonia, but they so weakened the Picts that the Scots rose against

them, under Kenneth MacAlpine, and conquered them completely in the year 860, A. D.

The two peoples then amalgamated, and, as the government went over to the Scots, the Picts were soon all called Scots. The amalgamation was an easy one. There is not much doubt that thousands of Scots had gone over from Ireland, and merged with the Picts, for centuries before the Argyle colony was founded.

The complete disappearance of the Picts led to a silly tradition, in the 18th century, that, when Kenneth MacAlpine overcame their country, he killed them to the last man. There is nothing to this story.

There is perhaps as much Pictish blood in the modern Highlander as there is Scottish blood. The author has no doubt that these two ancient peoples looked almost entirely alike and were alike. The Scots, after amalgamating with the Picts, formed an eternal alliance with the Britons, or Welsh, in Strathclyde, who had been cut off from Wales centuries before.

John Paul Jones was born in what was ancient Strathclyde, which now helps to form the Lowlands of Scotland. Strathclyde was one of the kingdoms over which his great ancestor, Cunedda, ruled when he was declared gwledig of all ancient Britain, when the Romans withdrew. Paul was born in the sea-faring town of Arbigland, in Kirkcumbright County, or Shire, in 1747. If Paul's father had been a Scotchman his name would have been Ian instead of John.

Ian is the Scotch name for John. It is also the Russian and Polish name for John. The whole world is of kin.

Ancient Strathclyde, which bore the still more ancient name of Cumbria, like ancient Pictland, is almost lost to history, because of its loss of a separate government; yet it was at one time one of the famous kingdoms of Europe. It was noted for its fair women and brave men. It was noted for its civilization, for its education, and for its religion. Many believe that Arthur of song and story was born and reared there. Its poets wrote wonderful poems of love, war and chivalry; and its bards sang and played these songs, not only in Strathclyde, but in Wales, Cornwall, and Britany. In fact, everywhere that the language of the Cimyr was understood.

Arthur, who was said to be descendent of Mulmunte, and doubtless also of Cunedda. He has had more of song and story written about him than any other man in Europe. Some of it was true; much of it was fiction; but it required a wonderful man to create so much imagination. He must have been a man very similar to Paul Jones. In fact, the author, who has studied both a great deal, believes that Paul Jones was the very incarnation of Arthur in war and chivalry—and in most everything else, except the deep piety that Arthur possessed.

There seems no reasonable doubt that Ar-

thur was a descendant of Cunedda; not of the direct elder son line of the old family mentioned, but of a younger collateral line, as was Vortigern. Vortigern was gwledig of the Britons when the Jutes were invited over: therefore he must have been descended from Cunedda. The character ascribed to Cadwallader the Blessed. who lived something like 100 years after Arthur, makes one hope that, on his mother's side, Cadwallader was descended directly from the noble Arthur's mother. The Welsh never loved the memory of two mortal men as they loved the memory of Arthur and Cadwallader. died childless. Both he and his wife, Guenivere, were exceedingly unhappy over this, notwithstanding their greatness.

Because Gildas, the only British historian of the time, did not mention Arthur many historians regard him as a sort of mythical personage. They even doubt that he existed. But he did exist; he did unite all the Britons; was their gwledig, as any man, of the elder or younger house of Cunedda, Llud, or Mumute, could become on showing the proper qualities of leadership.

Beside, he was one of the kings of South Wales in his own right. He lived some fifty years later than historians have placed him. Gildas, the only British historian of the sixth century, had been dead fourteen years before Arthur came into prominence. Beside, it might have been like Gildas, if he had been alive, not

to have mentioned Arthur at all; for he never had a good word for any king that came from the house of Cunedda. His love was all for Rome; he was an ecclesiastic, and an enthusiast of everything Roman; religions or otherwise.

It was, so the writer believes, after deep searching and study, at Fethan-lea, in the year 584, that Arthur's great career began; and not at Mt. Baden, in the year 516, as most of the historians have it.

Gildas was born on the day that Mt. Baden was fought, and he can be considered an authority as to the events of that battle; for many men who participated in it were yet living when Gildas was old enough to write his book; and he wrote of Mt. Baden. Gildas tells us who commanded the Britons there, and who won the victory; stating his name as Aurelius, who was probably descended from Maximus, for whom the Britons had helped win one half the Roman world. Gildas refers to Aurelius as the "last Roman, descended from the Roman imperial house, left in Britain." That fits a descendant of Maximus quite well, as Maximus had a Welsh wife, of the nobility.

A historian, writing two or three centuries later, supposing that no one could have won the famous victory at Mt. Baden except Arthur, mistakenly gave him credit for that victory; other historians followed him, all doing Arthur a great injustice by placing him out of his epoch.

and making him seem more like a mythical than a real king. The Britons needed historians then and afterwards; but a people engaged in waging war for forty generations had little time or inclination to write history; especially when they were generally getting the worst of it, in spite of their heroic efforts.

It was doubtless at Fethan-lea, which Gildas does not mention, for the reason that he had died some years before that battle, that Arthur won his first great victory over the Saxons. This was seven years after the Saxons had succeeded in cutting Cornwall off from Wales, and had followed it with seven years of destroying cities, farms, and murdering the Welsh people in the valley of the Severn. But at Fathan-lea the monster Saxon, Cealwin, was defeated by Arthur with great slaughter; his son was among the killed, and the Saxon Chronicler, not even giving the name of the victorious leader of the Britons, and not even conceding a victory to them at all, makes this significant statement: "And Cealwin departed in anger to his own land." That is all the history that was recorded of this battle. No Briton wrote about it, or if so his history was not preserved. Possibly Cornwall was, during the lifetime of Arthur, reunited with Wales.

The date of Arthur's first victory being fixed, we will have no trouble in believing in the other eleven great victories that many historians say he won. Also, that, after Arthur's twelve vic-

tories, there were, in what remained of Britain unconquered, (more than one-half of it), several years of peace and prosperity. We know that the Welsh never needed anything but peace to insure prosperity. The poet Tennyson believed in Arthur; so does every well informed man and woman of Cymric blood.

All historians agree that if Arthur did exist he must have had his capital at Caerleon-Upon-Usk, in the rather southern portion of Wales. All writers of fiction place him and his "Table Round," and his "Christian Knights" there. All well read men, everywhere, will agree that the dreadful years of war, against the Picts, Scots, Jutes, and Anglo-Saxons, had softened the Christian hearts of the Britons rather than hardened them. This seems incredible, but it was so. Especially was it so among the better element of them. And, in spite of their neglect by historians, who have never done the better element of the Welsh people justice, but have done more than justice to the worst element, it is known by all well informed people that Wales has produced, in every age, many of as knightly men and noble women as have ever lived in the world; and their people today compare favorably with that of any other people on earth. This is as true of Strathclyde, and of Cornwall, as it is of Wales; and that in spite of all their cruel enemies could do to them between the years 406 and 1585; and to some extent after the latter date.

Caxton, a Welshman, and the first printer in England, evidently believed in Arthur; for he gives the following imaginary conversation:

"Divers men hold opinion that there was no such Arthur, and that all such books as have been made of him be feigned and fabled; because that some chroniclers make of him no mention, nor remember him nothing nor of his knights. Where unto they answered, and one of them said, that in him that should say or think that there never was such a king called Arthur might well be guilty of great folly and blindness. For he said that there were many evidences to the contrary. First ye may see his sepulchre in the monastery of Glastonbury.

"Also in Policronicon, in the fifth book, the sixth chapter, and also in the seventh book, the twenty-third chapter, where his body was buried, and after found, and translated into said monastery. He shall see also, in the history of Bochas, in his book, DeCasu Principum, part of his noble acts, and also of his fall. Also Galfridus, in his British book, recounteth his life and in divers places in England many remembrances be yet of him, (as well as in Wales), and shall remain perpetually; and also of his knights. First, in the Abbey of Westminster, at St. Eduord's shrine, remaineth the print of his seal in red wax, closed in Beryl, in which is written, Particus Arthurus Britannie, Gallie, Germanie, Dacie, Imperator.

"Item, in the castle of Dover ye may see Gawaine's skull, and Cradok's mantle; at Winchester the Round Table; in another place Launcelot's sword, and many other things. And yet record remains in witness of him in Wales, in the town of Camelot, and the great stone and the marvelous works of iron lying under ground, and the royal vaults which divers persons now living have seen. Wherefore, it is a marvel why he is no more renowned in his own country; save only that it accordeth to the Word of God; which sayeth that 'no man is accepted for a prophet in his own country.'"

Evidently Caxton knew a lot more about Arthur than is known today; and knowing the efforts being made to reduce him to a mythical person, left the above marvelous proofs for people of all ages to read, and believe.

Much fun is poked at Arthur's conquest of Gaul, Germany and Dacia. Of course he did not really permanently conquer them, but most of Gaul, Germany and Dacia, at that time, were in sympathy with the Jutes, and Anglo-Saxons, who for nearly 150 years had been despoiling Britain; after having been invited by the Britons to help protect them against the Scots and Picts.

If Arthur had fought his enemies at home until he was sure they would "be good," it would be like him to declare a crusade with his adventurous knights, and march with them through Gaul, Germany, and as far as Dacia, as

the seal in St. Edward's shrine, in England's capitol, suggests. He could have secured a good start by crossing over into friendly Britany, now a part of France.

There was no historian to record such a feat, as there was in the case of Cortez, and a hundred other men who have made adventures that would not now be believed, if their exploits had not been put in writing at the time. About the time that Cadwallader the Blessed had failed, finally, to beat off the Teutonic strangle hold, and reunite Strathclyde and Cornwall with Wales, about the year 675; when he was forced to admit that his dream of driving the Teutons back to the land whence they came was only a dream; when everything was dark to the cause of the Cymru, a Welsh seer is said to have tried to cheer Cadwallader with these words:

"Arthur shall come again,
To fight the Jute, the Angle, and the Saxon.
They shall know him when he comes;
They will dread him on the sea;
He shall give them lessons in warfare—
He shall teach them again manners."

Read Buell's two volumes of John Paul Jones, and you will wonder if Arthur did not truly "come again." And at the very time that the descendants of the Jutes, the Angles, and the Saxons were trying to crush the liberty that tens of thousands of the blood of Cadwallader were contending for in their newly found asylum in far off America.

And, if need be, Arthur shall yet come again. There is too much pride, and with it injustice, even in fortunate American, that the second Arthur helped to free from injustice. But God is on His Throne and always has an Arthur, yea a score of Arthurs, in reserve. Let oppressors of every kind beware! "Arthur shall come again." What America needs today is less of creeds and more of faith and loyalty toward the God of our fathers.

"The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God."



CHAPTER VI

Having said something of the origin of the unconquered and unconquerable Scots, and the great peoples also unconquered and unconquerable, now known as the Irish, we will again refer to the people from whom we believe they came; as well as came the Welsh, and English, and all of the fair skinned peoples in West and North Europe. It will again be necessary to mention the very ancient peoples who formerly lived along the shores of the Black Sea, on one side or the other, of whom the Crimeans, in Crimea, were predominant. That name, in one form or another, has come down to the present time. There may have been a great empire of the Cimrii, very anciently, with Crimea as a center. Rival to the Hittite empire?

Some historians have spoken of the fair Black Sea peoples as Cimrii, some as Gomrii, some as Cimerians, some as Crimeans, some as Kymrians, some as Crimbians, some as Cambrians; and there were numerous other denominations designating these peoples; the name always began with a "C", a "G", or a "K."

The ancient Brythons, or Britons, were a subtrite of one of the oldest of these Crimean or Kymrian tribes. So also were the ancient Belgians and northern French. The writer has no doubt that the Gauls, Iberians, Danes, and Teutons were also each once a subtribe of this great tribe, that the Romans nearly always referred to as Kymrians. A noted chieftain, Bryth, gave his name to the Brython-Kymrians. The chieftain, Belg, gave his name to the Belgian-Kym-There was also possibly a great Kymrian chief, named Teut, that gave his name to the Teutons. Another, and older chieftain, Dan, gave his name to the Danes. We have also suggested a Crimean Goedel for the Gauls; a Crimean Eber for the Iberians, and a Scot for the Scots. Peoples separated from each other, for centuries, always differ in language, laws, customs, habits, religion, and other things. The longer they are separated, the greater the difference will seem to be between them; but there are always common recognizable characteristics. It is natural for languages to undergo gradual change. It is also possible that an All-mighty God can hasten his order of nature, when he chooses to do so. There is nothing to shock the intellect in believing that when the people were slow to go forth and "subdue the earth" they suddenly found their tribes unable to understand each other, as was recorded in the Sibyline books at Rome, the Bible, and in many other ancient authorities

It would seem that as far back as 1600, B. C., and maybe further back, there was a tribe of "exceedingly fair men" that came down from the Caucasus mountains, in eastern Asia Minor, via the north shore of the Black Sea, and settled on a strange peninsula that juts into the sea. is almost an island and still retains the ancient name of the people that were possibly the first to live there,—after the deluge—the Cimrii. Crimea now belongs to Russia, and is known as The Crimea, signifying its ancient importance as a center of the Cimrii. There is little doubt that their original home was in the Taurus, a spur of the Caucasus, near the head of one of the branches of the Euphrates; for the Cimrii have had their home there immemorially. These Cimrii, having peopled the north shore of the Black Sea, pushed out from thence westward, and north westward, and occupied a very wide swath clear through Europe; in fact, the author believes, peopled all Europe between the Black Sea and the Baltic; and conquered all along the sea coasts. At first they moved on by water, along the north shore of the Mediterranean, or up the Danube, or up the Dnieper.

Another strange peninsula in north Europe, extending northward into the west side of the Baltic, and the east side of the North Sea, and forming what is now known as Hoelstein, Schleswig, and a part of Denmark, was early settled by the peoples from the Crimea who probably came via the Dnieper route from the

Black Sea. They must have given the Baltic peninsula the name of Crimea also, but the ancient writers spelled it in a variety of ways. Most of them referred to the latter as the "Crambian Peninsula." The same peoples long afterward named a town in France, Cambrai. These northern Crimeans are usually now known either as Teutons or Danes—sons of Teut, or sons of Dan. The Dnieper route would seem the easier to follow from the Black Sea to the new Crimea, though the Danube was possible.

It is sure also that the descendants of these "exceedingly fair" men, that came to the Black Sea from the Caucasus, and doubtless originally from the Euphrates Valley, and who afterward pushed west and north across Europe, and into the northern Crimean, or Cambrian peninsula, still afterwards pushed across into what came to be called Scandinavia.

The ancient Greeks spoke of "a far off northern land of the "Cimerians," where the sun sets not at all in the summer and rises not at all in winter." Here, in north Europe, the Cimrii, fighting a long hard battle for life, grew to be still larger men than their fathers grew to be in the Caucasus; and, in the Caucasus, and on the plateau of Iran, or Ayran, they had grown to a greater stature than any of the descendants of Noah attained in the lowlands of Crete, Babylonia, Egypt, Phoenicia, or Arabia. They often doubled back from north Europe, when condi-

tions became too hard; then they seemed like "giants" to the descendants of Shem and Ham, and even to their own Japhetic kinsmen who had by then taken and held the north shores of the Mediterranean; which had anciently been peopled by the descendants of Shem and Ham. The Philistines were Japhetites, "from Caphtor," or Cyprus. The personal appearance of the Gauls, Scots, Britons, Teutons, and Scandinavians, as described by ancient writers, leaves not a particle of doubt that they were, in the long ago, all descended from one high mountain, or plateau tribe. Their fierceness toward each other, long afterward, has blinded many historians to the fact of this kinship. How next to impossible it is to tell the difference between an Englishman, a Welshman, a Scotchman, an Irishman, a Frenchman, a Scandinavian, a German, or even a Russian, who has descended from ancestors who have been living in America for three or four generations! They have lived in peace here, because there has been, so far, plenty of land for all. It was not so in Europe, in the far off days, when so much grazing land was needed.

Those of the Jews who have lived for centuries in Northern Europe are rather fair skinned, but never so on the Mediterranean, or in the desert. Semitic, Hamitic, and Japhetic peoples are all darker on the Mediterranean and still more so in the lands along the Equator, where the sun works such wonders on the pig-

ments of the skin; also, where people suck, rather than chew their food, the lips are always thick. The violet ray of the Equatorial sun affects the hair, as well as the skin, under certain climatic conditions.

When the American Indians, living in the lowlands along the Equator, have been there as long as the negroes have lived in Equatorial Africa, they will be equally as black. They are very much blacker now than are the sunburned Indians on the desert plains; and the latter are much darker than the Indians used to be on the Atlantic coast. The far off ancestors of the American Indians once probably lived in the deserts of China. Generations there gave them, and the Chinese, very largely their present color. Smoking opium may have had something to do with the color of the Chinese, and smoking tobacco for ages may have somewhat affected the color of the Indians. What caused the squint in the eyes of the Chinese and Japanese is as yet unknown. Possibly ancient sun worship may have had something to do with it.

Bede, the father of English history, makes it clear that the Teutons, that were living on the tip of the "Cymbrian" peninsula, on the Baltic and North Seas, were living in a "hard land." They were all kinsmen, and must have been a subtribe of the Teuton-Cymbrians, called the Jutes. The Jutes, Angles, and Saxons, were all of kin; all anciently Cimrii. Each a sub-tribe of the Teuton-Kymrians, soon to be mentioned

again. The Jutes were simply peoples that were living where the land jutted into the sea.

When kinfolks go to war, they sometimes, when deeply wronged, fight each other as they fight no other people in the world. The war between the North and South, in the United States, proves this fact. So angry were the Brythons when their kinsmen, the Jutes, came to help them against the Scots and Picts, and then turned against them, and made cruel war against them, their fury knew no bounds.

Green, a historian, notoriously partial to the English and against the Welsh, notes the strangeness of the conflict between the Jutes and Britons. He says, when a people came to conquer another, the victorious usually succeeded in getting the conquered peoples to divide land with them, and all settle down together in some sort of a peaceable arrangement; however, in the case of the Welsh and the Teutons, Green says:

"But, in Britain, the invader was met by courage equal to his own. Instead of quartering themselves quietly, like their fellows abroad, on subjects who were glad to buy peace by obedience and tribute, the English had to make every inch of Britain that they occupied their own by hard fighting. It took thirty years to win Kent alone." Green continues: "Not a Briton remained as subject or slave on English won ground. Sullenly, inch by inch, the beaten men, who were not killed, drew back from the

land which the conquerors had won." And yet after Kent was conquered, and not a Briton left in it, as historians say, the Jutes adopted practically the same laws the Welsh had had in force. Both were certainly of the blood of the "Cymru."

Centuries of separation between the Britons and the Jutes had changed their language considerably; but how many Englishmen can read Old English now? The Jutes and Britons could possibly understand each other better than we could understand Chaucer, were he alive today. However, if the Britons had not then been able to converse with the Jutes, they probably would not have invited them to come to their assistance. And it is well known that the Jutes, and the Saxons, who came thirty years after the Jutes, and the Angles some years after that, all anciently spoke substantially the same language. All were Teutons: but all Teutons were, as the writer believes, also Kymrians or Crimeans.

The much boasted land laws of the Anglo-Saxons were greatly modified by the Danes, and afterwards by the Normans, who conquered them in turn. It is altogether probable that at first their laws were very similar to the laws of the Britons, and the Jutes, in Kent. Who knows? Real history is silent. Blackstone was a very great, but a very late authority on land laws.

Bede says that the Saxons occupied the base of the Baltic Crimbian peninsula, and that the

Angles occupied the country north of them and south of the Jutes; that the Jutes occupied the tip of the peninsula. Most of this strange tip is now a part of Denmark.

Where most of the Saxons lived, in the year 449, is now called Holstein, and the country between Holstein and Jutland, now forming a part of Denmark, is called Schleswig. Here is where the Angles, or Engles, came from-the people who gave England its present name. The people living in what was known as Jutland, in year 449, were afterward overrun by their cousins, the Scandinavians, and are now known as Danes; being so called after a great Cymrian chieftain as heretofore mentioned, known His descendants gave the great river Dan. Danube its name in the long ago. They had a god, Danu, possibly their ancestor, who was worshipped once in Ireland. The Don Cossacks are descendants of this Dan of the Cimrii. They left the Caucasus centuries later than did the earliest Cimrii and gave the ancient river Tanais its present name of Don. Millions of Russians, Poles, and other peoples, are descendants of this ancient Dan, who may have been born on the Euphrates. He, perhaps, is very far ahead of Abraham in point of posterity; and he may have lived near the days of Abraham.

The Danes, from Scandinavia, between about year 700 to 1000, A. D., backed by their kindred in the northern Cambrian peninsula, and those farther south and east embarked in

ships painted black, sailed to the southwest, as did their forefathers, who were once known as the Jutes, Saxons, and Angles. These Northmen, usually called Dan's or Danes, overran all of western Europe. They were the progenitors of the Normans, and all others known as Norsemen. Norsemen simply meant North men.

These North Europe Cimriians, Cymrians or Kymrians, were fighters of the Paul Jones type; in fact one of his ancestors was one of their kings, as has already been shown; king of conquered Dublin. All the far north descendants of Dan were larger, physically, than was Paul Jones; because only the fittest could survive in that hard land.

The Norsemen followed a different custom, to that of either of the other divisions of their Cymric kinsmen, when they came to adopt surnames. Instead of the Welsh ap, the Irish mc, or the Scotch mac, before the name, to designate son, they put the word son after the name. Practically all Jeffersons, Andersons, Johnsons, Thompsons, Robertsons, and other names ending in son, are of Scandinavian origin. Scandinavians were some 300 to 400 years late in coming in contact with the Christian religion; and because of their black ships they were called "Black Pagans;" but no one need be ashamed of a Scandinavian ancestry. When they received Christianity, it was not long before it would have been impossible for a stranger to tell the difference between them and other members of the Kymrian or Cymrian peoples, usually miscalled the Celtic peoples, who had settled in Great Britain. All were practically the same stock. Nearly all are now referred to as "Nordic" in our immigration laws.

The Jutes, the Saxons, and Angles, were as fierce when they reached Britain, in year 449, and afterwards for a great while, as were the Danes 400 years later. The former were pagans when they arrived, but within 200 years they had been converted to the Christian religion, readily took to education, and soon were being numbered among the enlightened peoples of Europe. They did not get their Christianity directly from the Welsh, whom they were fighting, but largely from the DalRiadic Scots, who sent missionaries among them from the kingdom of DalRiada, in Ireland, and from Argyll, in what is now Scotland. However, the Welsh had been Christianized long before the coming of the Teutons: and before the Scots had been Christianized. They had, through St. Ninian, St. Patrick, and others, converted most of the Scots and Goidels in Ireland. So the Teutons, indirectly, received their Christianity from their enemies, the Welsh. It is true that Rome finally sent St. Augustine and others to help Christianize the Teutons in England, but they owed more to the Scots than to any other people. The Scots and the Welsh were greater mathematicians in the year 600 A. D., than were any other peoples in the world.

In Bangor, then a British city, now a village, there was in the days of St. Augustine, and Arthur, a university of learning, attended by some 2000 British and Scottish students. It was a central Christian seat of learning, and its professors could measure the stars and give the exact future date of an eclipse of the sun, or moon. Mark Twain did not know this.

St. Augustine failed to get the Britons and Scots to agree with the Roman Church on certain matters. They contended that Easter did not come at the season the Roman Church had adopted. They said to Augustine: "Rome is wrong about the date of the crucifixion of Christ. We know the day when the eclipse of the sun darkened the hour of the crucifixion. All the world is wrong, except the Britons and Scots." The Britons and Scots, about the year 600, A. D., were not the crude and savage peoples that is generally believed. Not much history was being written in the 5th, 6th and 7th centuries; except by the Romans, who had a hatred for all North and West Europe, whose warriers were slowly, but surely destroying the Roman Empire. Britons and Scots could have written, but were fighting for their lives against their pagan kinsmen.

When the Teutons first arrived in Britain, they undoubtedly had, as has been before stated, much the same sort of political government as had the Welsh, Irish, and Scots. Little kingdoms, each independent, and often at war

with each other; each petty king forever trying to get all the other kings of his nation to accept him as an overlord. But nothing came of this for centuries; however, oftentimes the Welsh, when being pressed by their enemies, would agree to a gwledig, but the numerous independent kings (sometimes really only chieftains) were forever jealous of an over king, especially in time of peace. Often the gwledig was powerless to exert his authority, even when it seemed absolutely necessary to the life of the Welsh people. It was the same at first, with the English, the Scotch, and the Irish. In all was the cry, "Give us liberty or give us death." Too often people have not known the difference between liberty and license.

The peoples of all Great Britain are immeasurably better off since all the citizens therein have agreed that what they need is "one prince, and that a good one." Especially since the kings of England have had judgment enough to surrender practically all their authority to a parliament of the people; against which, however, the English kings protested for a long time.

All history points to the fact that the peoples from whom the Britons (Welsh) came were of the greatest antiquity. The Encyclopaedia Britannica says the Scythians, or modern Russians, were themselves of the Cimrii, but were longer in moving westward. They pushed the earlier Kymrians, or most of them, out of The Crimea, some 700 years B. C., but it was only a

newer Cimrii that were coming in. The time, 700 B. C., corresponds well with the first Kymrians we can be historically sure of in northern Gaul. And they probably came up the Danube, and down the Rhine. Doubtless other Kymrians had reached South Gaul, centuries before 700 B. C.

Most historians say the Kymrians crossed the Rhine about 700 B. C., and conquered about one-third of Gaul, (now France), and all of what is now Belgium. The peoples conquered by them were their own somewhat distant, kinsmen, the Goidels, Galacians, Gauls, or Gaels. They already had possession of all the ancient country called Gaul; also of Iberia. They were earlier comers of the Cimrii peoples, distant cousins to the new comers. The later Kymrians took possession where they conquered, but they did not dispossess their kinsmen who had reached there ahead of them. Many of the conquered, however, crossed over into Albion. These newcomers probably came up the Danube, as has been suggested, and then down the Rhine. Crimeans had been pushing up the Dnieper, and the Danube, toward the Northwest, for centuries before 700 B. C. It would seem probable that at first, some went up the Dnieper; that others, on reaching the mouth of the Danube, split into two divisions, just before the Iron Age; one making for the Adriatic, and along the north Mediterranean shore, toward Gibraltar, the other division evidently going, for

some distance, at least, up the valley of the Danube, or whatever name it bore before the coming of the Dan's or Danes; possibly they, in the 700 B. C. exodus from the Crimea, traveled both by boat and wagon conveyance, through what was afterwards Rumania, Austria-Hungary and into Germany, until they reached about where the city of Ulm is now, the present head of navigation on the Danube. From here it seems probable that they made a portage of their boats and crossed over to about where Strassburg now is, on the Rhine. This portage would not be much over a hundred miles distant, and the Rhine would be navigable from that point to its mouth. It was probably centuries before the first of the Gaellic Cimrii reached France after starting up the Danube. It was on the lower Danube that they learned how to make iron weapons; which, while it made them not a whit braver than were the older and darker races, on the coasts of the Mediterranean, and Atlantic, gave them a great superiority in war; and they were not slow in taking such advantage.

Fifteen Hundred years, B. C., was a long time ago, and it is possible that these iron smelters from the Crimean center were the first peoples, after the flood, to penetrate the mighty Danubian and Rhineland forest, which long afterward, became known as the German Fatherland. Possibly these Kymrians cut out the first wagon road between the Black and the

Baltic Seas. Any way we find many of the crusaders, from Northwestern Europe, some 2300 years later, traveling over this same route, and over a road that wound around for more than 2000 miles on its way to Constantinople; from which city the Christian warriors hoped to reach Jerusalem and wrest it from the infidels.

It would seem that, possibly, when the later Kymrians, and perhaps other kinsmen to them, reached the Rhine, around 700, B. C., one division of them crossed over and conquered the country of their older kinsmen, between that stream and the English Channel, which embraced about all the territory from the mouth of the Seine to the mouth of the Rhine. It would seem that the other divisions occupied the right bank of the Rhine and, some of them, pushed northward up among their older northern kinsmen, into what is now Denmark, sometimes called Jutland.

On their arduous way, along the long trek, they had no doubt left, all along the Danube and the Rhine, settlements of the Cymru. The descendants of the people of these settlements would, in the course of centuries, have taken possession of most all the tributaries of the Danube and the Rhine, pushing their settlements up toward the heads of same until they finally covered most of the great territory now held by their descendants, usually designated as the Teutonic peoples. They would perhaps more properly be called the Teutonic-Cimrii.

The first of the Cimrii, possibly accompanied by other tribes of the Japhetic horde, to reach the southern coasts of Italy, France and Spain, already occupied by either the Hamites, or Shemites, probably came by water, as heretofore suggested. None of the descendants of either Shem, Ham or Japhet were ever afraid of water. Their father, Noah, was a pretty fair shipbuilder and sailor himself, and men were sailing ships, and sometimes pretty large ones, from Noah's day on; in fact, for that matter, probably for centuries before his day.

One of the divisions, of this ancient Celti-Cimrii people, came finally to be designated as the Franks. The word means nothing more than free men. That the Franks were first known by the name of Krymeans, or Cambrians, which means the same thing, we will presently endeavor to show.

The great Clovis, who lead an army of Franks, across the Rhine into Gaul, was persuaded to embrace the Christian religion, and he and 3000 of his French, or Frankish soldiers, were baptized on the same day. The king was baptized by St. Remi. Of his baptism Guizot says:—

"At the moment when Clovis bent his head over the fountain of life, 'Lower thy head with humility, Si Cambrian, cried the eloquent bishop.'"

Finally all the Cambrians, or Franks, embraced Christianity. Also Gaul came to be

called France, because the new Cimrii conquerors of Gaul were known as Franks. With the evidence of St. Remi, who can doubt that the Kymrian peoples, who had then been in northwest France for more than 1200 years, at the very least, were the same peoples as those led by Clovis; that had been occupying the right bank of the Rhine for probably the same number of years, held back by Rome much of the time.

Let it not be forgotten that the first of the Cimrii to leave the Black Sea Crimea for the Baltic Crimea, after going up the Dnieper some hundreds of miles, could have reached the northern Crimean peninsula over almost level land, with not one-half the forests to contend with that would have been the case along the Danube and the Rhine. Always, or for centuries at least, some tribes of the Cimrii were pushing toward Scandinavia, via the Dnieper or the Danube.

As to the ancient Gauls, Gaels, Kymrians, or Cambrians, and the Teutons being of the same stock, there seems to the author undoubted proof. Guizot, the greatest historian of France, if not of Europe, speaks of some of the Kymrians, that attacked Rome, as Gallic-Kymrians. This would seem to indicate that Guizot believed that the Gauls were one of the Crimean tribes that marched, or sailed, westward from the Crimea, to do business for themselves. If this is so then the peoples of France, Belgium,

Holland, Switzerland, Spain, Germany, Austria, England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, Russia, as well as Scandinavia, and other countries, were probably very largely Cymru, or "brothers of the blood." All, very anciently, were Crimeans; and still farther back, were the "Cimrii" of the Taurus; all of them were Japhites, and probably most of them were of the sub-tribe of Gomer.

These Kymrians, and their kindred peoples, were forever fighting their cousins, known to history as the Romans. The "white" element among the Romans were, themselves, Crimeans; or at least people of kin to them. Guizot says:—

"From 587 to 521 B. C., five Gallic expeditions, formed of Gallic-Kymric tribes, followed the same route and invaded unsuccessfully the banks of the Po." That, itself, was a long time ago, being in the days of Nebuchadnessar.

Roman History informs us that, centuries B. C., a great tribe of Kymrians out of Gaul, (Crimeans that previously settled in Gaul) crossed the Alps and settled, without Roman permission, on the Adriatic. Another section of the Kymrians, who had probably reached the Adriatic from the Crimean country centuries before, had been the terror of their kinsmen in both Greece and Rome. This section of them, joined with a section of their kinsmen, the Gauls, or Galations, fought their way clear through Greece. They crossed the Hellespont, and fought their way into central Asia Minor;

and for the same reason, perhaps, that disconnected Cornwall, Wales and Strathclyde often fought to try to become reunited after being severed by the English. The Cimrii in Europe were trying to reunite with their brethren in the Taurus. This Asian Galacia occupied a part of ancient Phrygia; and Phrygia was believed by the Greeks to be the oldest organized nation in the world. The nation that had the first king; and they believed the oldest Phrygians spoke the primitive language of mankind. Were these ancient Phrygians the original Japhetites? Who were the Hittites? they of Shem, Ham, or Japheth? The foundation of their empire was older than is history. Had these European Galatians reached the primitive home of their fathers?

There could not have been much real difference between Noah's three sons, or their descendants; at least not for a long time. Either branch of the descendants of Shem, Ham, or Japhet could have built the great stone structures along the Mediterranean, that have so puzzled historians. Homer, a thousand years before Christ, spoke slightingly of even the mighty Greeks that sacked Troy. He referred to them as, "Men of these degenerate days." No sane reader of ancient history can doubt that there was once a real "golden age" of mankind that existed from the creation of man until his gradual degeneration; which degeneration generally started, either in corrupt cities or in remote lo-

calities, where the means of sustenance were scant and where man had great difficulty in commanding the needful things of life. Sometimes men were, and are yet, reduced to using stone for iron. Stone was of course used before iron; but it is amusing to hear modernists talk so gibly of the "Neolithic Age," and of its great antiquity. Why Paul Jones' ancestor, Cadwallader Jones, of the Rappahannock, was several times wounded by arrows that were made in the Neolithic Age; or around 1675, A. D. Daniel Boone missed many a flint arrowhead aimed at his breast in the time of the "Neolithic Age." In dire poverty, and cut off from civilization, men often have sunk to a condition not much above the brutes. The cannibals, yet to be found on earth, are only unworthy descendants of mighty sires. Perhaps their ancestors helped to build the pyramids. Men have degenerated toward the monkey state rather than having risen from the brutes. Give men and women, at any time, in any place, a fair chance and all will soon begin to show their true origin.

A great section of Kymrian Gauls fought their way clear into Iberia or Spain, around 700 years B. C.; probably a branch of those who reached northern Gaul about that time. They founded in Spain a country known as Galatia, blending with their older kinsmen there, who had already conquered the Hamites and Shemites, 700 to 800 years before.

Another great section of the Cimrian Gauls or Gaels had established themselves in a nearer, and much older Galatia, where so many bloody battles were fought between the Russians and Austrians during the World War. The people of Galatia, in Asia Minor, were converted by St. Paul; and he expressed a desire, in one of his epistles, to go and preach the gospel to their brethren in Spain. If the Gauls, or Gaels, were a subtribe of the Kymrians, as were also the Teutons, (and Guziot says they were) then nearly all of Europe was filled with peoples descended from this very, very ancient Cimrii or Gomri tribe; one branch of which may have built the village that became the wickedest city in the world-Gomarrah, or perhaps Gomerrah, in Asia

As to the Kymrians, who crossed the Alps about 300 B. C., the Romans sent a deputation to them to know why they were there. Guizot quoting from Roman history, gives their answer as follows:

"The multitude of people in Gaul in want of land, and necessity, forced us to cross the Alps and seek homes here. We saw deserted plains uncultivated and uninhabited. We settled there without doing any harm; we ask nothing but land. We will live peaceably under the laws of the Roman Republic." This does not sound very uncivilized or savage; and that was over 2200 years ago.

Guizot continues: "About a century later

(about 200 B. C.) some Gallic-Kymrians (notice how Guizot leaves the impression that the Gauls were a subtribe of the Crimeans) mingled with one tribe of the Teutons (later Germans, or Warmen) and made a combined demand on Rome: 'Give us a little land and pay, and do what you please with our hands and weapons.'"

How the Romans dreaded these Kymrians, or Crimeans. Once, in 349 B.C., when the Roman and Gaelic-Kymrian armies were confronting each other, two of the warriors of the former dared the Roman general to send two Roman warriors against them, and let the issue of the war be decided by these four men. The challenge was finally accepted, with fear and trembling. The two mighty challengers, in an awful battle, lost their heads, and the Gauls kept their word and retired. The Romans kept the head of one of these Goliaths, with his tongue cut out, preserved for over 200 years. They placed a sign above it on which was written: "The Kymrian Shield." Thus showing that the Gaulish armies that confronted the Romans were considered as being, not only Gaels, but Crimeans as well. Guizot also says:

"In the year 113 B. C. there appeared at the north of the Adriatic, on the right bank of the Danube, an immense multitude of people. They had come up the Rhine and down the Danube from North Europe. Two kindred peoples predominated—the Kymrians or Cymbrians, and the Teutons. The bulk of them had come from

the far off northern Kymbrian or Cambrian peninsula—from Jutland."

So great was this exodus from the far north, where all, or most all, must have been Cymru, (five hundred years before the Jutes, Saxons, and Angles from this same peninsula undertook the conquest of Britain), they struck terror into the heart of the Roman Empire; and if they had kept together and marched on to Rome they probably would have captured the "Eternal City;" but they seemed to have been only seeking lands they could occupy. They divided and played into the hands of the Romans. They said their reason for leaving the Cimbrian peninsula, in the far north, was because of an earthquake there, which had caused a great inundation, that made their exit, because of the dense population, a necessity."

Finally Marius was sent against them, with his Roman legions; and many Gaulish mercenaries came from a country hundred of miles south and west of the stricken peninsula on the Baltic. When Marius, after long hesitation, attacked the Teutonic division of the invaders, the latter set up a great shout of "ambra, ambra, ambra!" Really the soldiers were exhorting each other to act bravely. The Gaulish mercenaries, on hearing the old battle cry of their fathers, were amazed, and for a while refused to fight. They recognized the language of that cry. However, the genius of Marius prevailed; they did fight, and the great army of the Teutons

was practically annihilated; as were most of their wives, sisters, and mothers, who left their wagons and went to the assistance of their hard pressed husbands, fathers and brothers; dying with them. Kymrian women have ever been as brave as their men, and always will be.

All this time the other branch of the Kymrians did not know what was taking place. After the battle, Marius hastily marched against them, but for some reason called them to conference. At their conference, Marius asked their chiefs why they had violated Roman soil and what they wanted there. Their answer was, "Give us lands for ourselves and our brethren." "What brethern?" asked Marius. They answered, "The Teutons." At this reply the Romans around Marius began to laugh. "Let your brethern be," said Marius; "They have land, and will always have it; they received it from us."

He then brought forth some of the leading chieftains of the Teutons, that he had saved for the purpose of showing the Kymrians what he meant. The Kymrian chiefs immediately retired, and soon their army attacked the Romans, fighting gloriously, trying to revenge the death of their "brethern." It was a battle long remembered in Rome, and throughout Southern Europe; but the Kymrians in the end shared the fate of their kinsmen. Not then, but later, did the "brethern" of these peoples destroy the Roman Empire; which, after giving the world both education and civilization, had proceeded to

destroy the individual liberty and local self-government of the peoples who came under their rule.

The conquest of Britain, or most of it, by the Romans, near the birth of Christ, was too easy a matter for it to have been done if the Kymrians had fought as they fought everywhere, before, and afterwards. They probably really wanted to enjoy the better civilization their ancient brethren in Rome had reached, and were led to believe they could retain their liberty under Roman rule. They were also probably anxious to have Rome help them against the ancient Silures, a portion of whom they had not yet conqured, and against the fierce Scots and Picts, to the west, who were forever attacking them by sea. They dreaded Scotia and Caledonia, to the north, more than they did Rome.

The Britons received much from their contact with the Romans, but must have lost much of their ancient initative; also probably much of their individual freedom. At first they were only required to pay 3000 pounds (or its equivalent) to Rome, each year. The greatest boon they received from the Romans, or rather from the peoples possibly not really Romans, but sent by the Church at Rome, usually from Gaul, was the Christian religion. They were able, in spite of constant wars and great tribulations, to pass it on to the other peoples in all of what afterwards became Great Britain. This should be to their everlasting credit. Ireland and Scotland

certainly owe much to the Welsh, so far as religion is concerned.

Guizot says of these liberty loving Kymrians:

"Want of room and means of subsistence have been, in fact, the principal causes which have at all times brought about emigration. These people depended largely on pasture and the chase, though they did some farming wherever they settled." Very anciently "ar" meant a piercing instrument, as the arrow, or a plow. The Aryan race meant, ages ago, a plowing race, as well as a hunting race. Really the Aryans were not a race at all, but a people that used both the arrow and the plow; just as there was no Celtic race, the Celts being those people who were handy with the celt, or axe; especially the battle axe. The first fields and orchards were probably planted by Japhetic peoples. An immense extent of territory is required for people who live largely upon the chase and range for their flocks and herds. When there is no longer enough game or pasture there is a swarm, from hive to hive, and a search for a livelihood elswhere. This was so from the first. This is why the earth was parcelled out, "divided", as mentioned in the Bible; which is the oldest written record of mankind. Possibly, in the first division of the then known earth, there were but three great tribes. There may have been many sub-tribes, but possibly only three real divisions of mankind, "when the earth was divided."

Truly it has been land, land, land! that the descendants of the people, who were once contented in a little mountain spur of the Taurus, and afterwards on a not large peninsula in The Crimea, have forever gone out for, and ruthlessly demanded. They have taken half the world for their possesions. Most of it has been taken from the darker peoples, who are really, after all, only their more distant kinsmen; yet these "exceedingly fair men" that came down off the Caucasus, around 4000 years ago, do not seem entirely satisfied with the lands they have taken. They have given to the peoples they have conquered, usually, a better or rather a more efficient civilization. May they ever, hereafter, teach those, over whom they seem determined to rule, a love of liberty and righteousness.

"Lord God of hosts be with us yet— Lest we forget, lest we forget!"

The Welsh, in their homeland, in "Old Albion," are now living within a very small landed compass; but they are a portion of one of the greatest races the world has ever known; a race that is to-day almost absolutely dominating the whole world. Throughout their vast settlements, covering many, many divisions of land, there are millions, tens of millions and even hundreds of millions of "Cymru". In all the lands, where these peoples have conquered the forest, bridged the rivers, planted fields, and vineyards, they have made the seas, the oceans,

and the air their servants. They have girded the earth with railroads, and roads of every description. In all these lands, nine-tenths of the white inhabitants thereon will be found to be truly, "brothers of the blood." May they be better to each other in the future than they have been in the past; and better also to the other peoples, throughout the world, who are only a little more distantly related to them by blood. Especially better to those who have come under their rule.

In how many "lands" have the ancestors, and ancestresses of John Paul Jones left their mark? Truly Paul Jones said much when he, in one of the most gallant letters ever written to the wife of an enemy said,

"I am a citizen of the world."



CHAPTER VII.

A very great majority of the Jones families, in England, Scotland, Ireland, America, and elsewhere throughout the world, came from Wales; and as Wales is a small country, and exceedingly ancient, this family, with hundreds of branch families and kindred, through blood or marriage, are found everywhere there, and throughout the earth. South Wales in Australia, for instance, is full of kinsmen to Paul Jones.

The family through which Paul Jones came, found itself, about the year 1600, in what is known as Yspytty Evan, Denbighshire, Wales.

As, has been stated before, most of the decendants of this family clung to the single name custom up to around year 1700. They did not think it fair to either their ancestors, or their posterity, to be bound to one surname forever. Also, as stated heretofore, most of the sons of any John, on leaving Wales, took the surname of either Johns or Jones. Now and then one called himself Johnys, or Joanes, but not many.

It was the descendants of John ap Evan ap Robert ap Lewis, that made up most of the Jones', in pioneer days, that came to Pennsylvania. (Some descendants of Lewis had left Denbigshire, and settled in Merioneth.) There were others who came with them, not bearing the name of Jones but practically all kinsmen to them. Some came through John ap Thomas, cousin to John ap Evan. Others came through a cousin, Edward Jones; who, with John Thomas, and other relatives of this family, bought a large land tract from William Penn, in what was afterwards Philadelphia County, before the year 1690. All the above were kinsmen to most of the pioneer Jones' that before the revolution found their way into Pennsylvania, and into other colonies; especially was this true as to Virginia, Maryland, New Jersey, Island, and the Carolinas. Those who came to Virginia mostly retained the Episcopalian faith, that most of their fathers had embraced in the days of the half Welsh King of England, Henry VIII.

In Pennsylvania most of the pioneer Jones' were of the new Quaker faith. It was somewhat mixed in Maryland and the other colonies, many being Baptists. Roger Williams of Rhode Island, said to be of this old line, was a Baptist; and, in his simple church, a form of government was established that was closely studied by another half Welshman, Thomas Jefferson, who was possibly related to Williams. Jefferson was much

impressed with Williams' Church government as a pattern for a free political government, long before he wrote the Declaration of Independence; and before he declared that, "People are the best governed who are the least governed."

The best proof of kinship between the Virginia and Pennsylvania, Jones' was the name "Cadwallader." It is probable that no Welsh child ever bore such a "jaw breaking" name as Cadwallader, unless it was related by blood to every other Cadwallader in the world.

Cadwallader was one of the very old, old, names among the Britons. Shakespeare makes Cymbeline, who reigned about the year 1, B. C., to have a son who bore the name of Cadwal. Before the age of Cadwallader the Blessed, there were kings in Wales that bore such names as Cadvan, and Cadwallawn. Possibly Cadmus of ancient Thebes, who was once thought to be the inventor of the alphabet, was father of this line. Thebes was founded by the Cimrii.

In the five Jones histories the author has read, (and there are others,) none of the authors claim kinship with Paul Jones; yet every man and woman mentioned, in the opinion of the author, was a distant cousin to the Admiral. All were descendants of a John, who had descended from Lewis. Paul's first Virginia ancestor, Cadwallader Jones, came to Virginia, 1623, and in 1640 was in England trying to make his fortune.

In the year 1642 we learn that he was in the

shipping business, and that he had sent one of his ships to Smyrna, near the site of ancient Troy, a city which his ancestors, a thousand years before Christ, had helped to conquer and destroy.

In the year 1648 he "drew his sword" for the English King (the unfortunate Charles) and came near losing his head and all his property in so doing; only his having previously married a lady of high estate saved his life and his property. He later lost his property and became an unfortunate bankrupt. He may have died in prison for debt, as heretofore intimated.

Before this time he had bought the Manor of Ley, which was anciently owned by the ancestors of his wife, who was probably Lady Jeffreys; or, maybe Lady Jeffreys was the first wife of his son, Richard. This property finally came into the hands of the Virginia "Rappahannock" Cadwallader Jones, who made a sale of it, probably a sham sale, to a kinsman by the name of Jeffreys of London. However, the writer has a tradition that "Rappahannock" Cadwallader Jones had a lot of Virginia lands he managed to cover up from his creditors, before he left for Scotland, that finally came to his descendants.

Just here we will quote a rather lengthy article from the Virginia Magazine; Vol. XXX, No. 4. It was written by Fairfax Harrison, and is fine as far as it goes:—

"In the last half of the seventeenth century it was the practice of many English mer-

chants to send out to Virginia their sons and other promising kinsmen as factors. Some returned to England and subsequently became principals of London and Bristol mercantile houses, but others remained in the colony and founded families. One of these agents of the pre-Commonwealth Virginia merchants was a certain Richard Jones. His record, so far as it has been exhumed, is scant enough. He seems to have been the son of an Exeter merchant. named Cadwallader Jones, who described himself as a Somersetshire man (as was Fielding's "Tom Jones") though the name indicates an origin in Wales. He was said to be "Sometime of Virginia." That Richard Jones was in the colony, 1651, appears only from the fact that in that year he married the widow of a Virginia planter; but before December 1653, he was dead, leaving a son and heir who was named "Cadwallader Jones."

"Richard Jones' widow now established herself on the plantation in the Neck, between upper Machotic and Chotank creeks, then in Westmoreland, but soon to be included in Stafford, which she had patented in 1650; and there her son, by her second marriage, grew up. She brought him up in the Episcopalian faith of the Virgina Colony.

"In November 1673, this Cadwallader Jones, who must then have been just twenty-one years of age, patented 1443 acres in the freshes of the Rappahannock, on the south side of the river

below the falls, and here he posted himself during the anxious period of Indian depredation on the Virginia border immediately following the Susquehannock war. The Rappahannock settlements were peculiarly exposed, and Cadwallader Jones seems to have come to the front as a dauntless fighting man. In June, 1680, when the Council was considering the book of County Claims sent up by the Burgesses, they found there a petition for relief by "Lt. Col. Cad. Jones," and, annotated, it is as follows:--'The sufferings of the petitioner are most apparent, but his resoluteness to abide his plantation against all attempts and conspiracies of our Indian enemies, for many years, hath (as may well be supposed) maintained us in the seatment of the upper parts of the Rappahannock, for many miles.'

"This evidence is persuasive that it was Cadwallader Jones, who, in 1678, led a party of Virginia rangers into the Rappahannock backwoods, 'as far from the English plantations as Cahuaga is from Albany;' and had that clash with a roving band of Senecas which resulted in acrimonious diplomatic exchanges, and the agreement by Virginia, in 1684, to keep out of the Piedmont highlands. Jones' interests were not, however, confined to the Rappahannock. He apparently inherited from his mother a part of her Stafford plantation on Chotank creek. In 1677 he patented, with David Jones, 14,114 acres in the Stafford backwoods (later Fairfax) on the

drains of Accotink and Pohick, adjoining William Fitzhugh's "Ravenworth." These interests enabled the government to recognize his frontier service by commissioning him Lieutenant Colonel of Stafford under the first George Mason.

"When a somewhat ruffled dove of peace returned to Virginia after the deaths of Bacon and Berkeley, she found Jones in command of the fort on the Rappahannock, carrying on thence a trade with the Occaneechies and the Tuscaroras of North Carolina. There survives an interesting letter he wrote to Lord Baltimore at this time. Under the caption of "Mt. Paradise, Virginia," February 2, 1681/2, Jones asked Baltimore for permission for the bearer, Thomas Owsley, to trade for him "at Naticklke only, for Roanoke and Peake;" explaining, "I have an inland trade about four hundred miles from here S. S. W. This year the Indians will need Roanoke, and I have a considerable trade with them. Through it I learned, six weeks since, of the motions of the Seneca Indians, 300 miles S. S. W., from here. They took from an Indian town 35, and 4 or 5 from several small towns, near the mountains, about 500 miles (from hence). They have so oppressed the other Indians that they have made no corn this year. They are now in full body returning home. By reckoning they may be in your country, on their return, when the turkeys gobble; from information of those that were there.

"During the ensuing summer of 1682, Jones ranged the great fork of the Rappahannock with John Talliaferro, of Snow Creek, son of Robert "Talifer" from whose house on the Rappahannock Lederer had set out ten years previously. It was then, as Taliaferro afterwards testified, that they explored to "the first Heads or Springs of the Two Branches of the Rappahannock;" and perhaps it was then also that they anticipated the achievement of the Knights of the Golden Horseshoe and crossed the Blue Ridge to camp on the banks of the Shenandoah; (more than sixty years ahead of the Scotch-Irish.)

"In February, 1686/7, the sanguine temperament which had brought an earlier Cadwallader Jones to disaster had the same consequence in his grandson. Our Cadwaller Jones' Indian trading had over stretched his credit. He was then living on his Stafford Plantation, "Rich Neck," and Nicholas Spencer sent to William Fitzhugh a debt to collect for him there. Fitzhugh reported, on February 18th: "I offered to buy two or three negroes of him; he assured me they were already made over to Alderman Jeffreys of London and his Ship Merchants, to whom he hath not yet paid one penny, and therefore that way there was nothing to be expected. And I have since heard that that night he went away from his house, he went into Maryland, and so conclude he is clear gone." A month later his news is confirmed. "As I wrote in my last," says Fitzhugh, on March 14th, "My thought of Coll. Jones, about his departure, I find since absolutely true, but whither I can't yet learn; but I imagine (by some discourse he let fall at my house) it is for England, to get himself into his Majesty's army." He adds that Jones' wife had meanwhile removed all his goods to Rappahannock.

"Jones, himself, made his way to England and there was enabled, doubtless through the influence of the Jeffreys, to enlist the interests of the proprietors of the Bahamas. On November 14, 1689, he was commissioned as governor of those islands. In this capacity he served for four years, when he was superseded, 1693 by that Nicholas Trott who was later a large figure in Carolina. Jones then became a member of the Bahama Council. In this new milieu Jones' desperate efforts to retrieve his shattered fortune got him into trouble again. In 1697 one Thomas Bulkely petitioned the Crown against Jones, rehearsing his "arbitrary and tyrannical exercise of power" while governor; and particularly his intimate association with the pirates, who notoriously then infested the islands. Although, on advice of Edward Randolph, the Lords of Trade found against Jones, the proprietors stood by him nevertheless. They had found his accounts "imperfect," but they ratified Trott's action in continuing him in the Council; and, when Bulkely's charges became hot, winked at his "escape from the colony." This escape seems to have been in the summer of 1698, when Jones

once more took refuge in England. A few months later he is again in Virginia, and from "York Town" indited a most remarkable paper to Governor Nicholson, with which was enclosed a remarkable map.

In that letter, which we do not, for lack of space, reproduce, is clearly to be seen the mind of an empire builder. He was as ambitious as was his grandfather, Cadwallader Jones; and perhaps as much so as was his great grandson, John Paul Jones.

He foresaw, fifty years ahead of all others, the coming struggle between France and England for supremacy in the Mississippi Valley, and along the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence.

Cadwallader said that the site where Pittsburg now stands was the key to the situation, and proposed at that time, 1698, to organize a band of heroic Virginians, build a fort there and undertake drawing the Indian trade from the French in all the mighty regions that they would presently claim; and he proposed to organize the Indians to fight the French, instead of them fighting the English. How Washington, Franklin, and the other wise colonists, sixty years later, wished that the Virginia Council, and the King of England, who was sent a copy of Jones' letter, had listened to the advice of a real soldier and strategist, as well as statesman. Braddock also doubtless wished it, fifty-eight years later, when he was meeting his death while marching to try to oust the French from the very site that Cadwallader Jones advised the English to fortify, and strengthen with Indian friendship, in 1698.

But what could even the anestor of a Paul Jones do when being chased from "pillar to post" for debt, and threatened with a lifetime jail sentence for a matter he could not in the least control? How fine it is that men can no longer be made to rot in prison for debt!

Cadwallader's map shows that he had been a tireless explorer of the country to the west and northwest of the Falls of the Rappahannock. It also shows him to have been well educated, and a competent engineer; just such a man as was needed to thwart the far seeing and crafty French; but all to no use. England ignored Cadwallader's paper altogether. However, in 1707, the Virginia Assembly did offer the following which was exactly what Cadwallader Jones recommended, almost word for word, in 1698:—

"If any person or persons shall hereafter, at his or their own charge, make discovery of any town or nation of Indians situated or inhabiting to the westward of, or between the Appalachian Mountains, in such case it shall be lawful for the Governor or Commander-in-chief, for the time being, by and with the advice and consent of her Majesty's Council of State, by charter, to grant unto such person or persons aforesaid the sole liberty and right, for fourteen years, of trading to and with all Indians so discovered as aforesaid."

But, before, 1707, Cadwallader Jones had been chased out of Virginia, and there was no one with such a spirit as he possessed to take advantage of the statute. Nothing was done until Washington, years and years later, was sent to fortify the spot that Paul Jones' ancestor had recommended fortifying nearly sixty years before. Washington found the strong Fort DuQuesue already there, and he could only build Fort Necessity, which soon was captured by the French and Indians.

The Magazine goes on to say, after the rejection by the king and colony of his plan to build an empire:—

"Cadwallader Jones was then not more than forty-six years old, but probably died soon after. The tradition of the family of Slaughter, of Culpepper County, is the only evidence which makes for any assurance that he left any progeny in Virginia. In the family of Jones' of Petersburg there has, however, descended a sword of which the tradition is that it was the sword of this Cadwallader Jones."

Whose sword was it that Allen and Wylie Jones of N. C., gave to Paul Jones? The one now in Washington? That also was said to have formerly belonged to a Cadwallader Jones. Evidently "Soldier" Cadwallader, grandfather to Rappahannock Cadwallader.

The family tradition does not end as does the article in the Magazine. Cadwallader Jones did not, as the author remembers it, die in Virginia. However, there is a great similarity between the article and the family tradition. They agree as to the sword. Tradition has it that the sword mentioned in the Magazine article once belonged to "Rappahannock" Cadwallader Jones, and that it was afterward worn by a Cadwallader Jones, of Prince George County, Virginia, a great great nephew to Paul's ancestor, who became a Major during the War of the Revolution, and served as aide to General Lafayette. The Major's son, another Cadwallader Jones, of North Carolina, wore the old sword, while Lieutenant Colonel, during the war of 1812. The Lieutenant's son, Colonel Cadwallader Jones, of South Carolina, carried it through both the Mexican War and the war between the States. It was being worn by the latter when he was shot down and thought by the Federals to be killed at the battle of Elkhorn, in Arkansas. His four sons, one of them a Cadwallader Jones, and all captains, under their father, requested the body of their parent for burial. The request was granted and the body carried into the Confederate lines, where the Colonel revived and afterward led his regiment in many a hard fought battle for the Confederacy. The author understands that another Cadwallader Jones, son of above, carried this old sword through the Spanish American war; and that his son, another Cadwallader Jones, through the World War. Who can doubt their kinship to John Paul Jones?

The Illinois family tradition is that Cadwallader Jones of the Rappahannock, when he left Virginia, gave an old sword to his daughter, Mrs. Slaughter, with the request that, if the colonies ever went to war with England, the sword was to be given to the first of his relatives that bore the name of Cadwallader Jones. He was then being hunted by money-mad creditors of England; the same money-mad merchants of England that brought on the war of the Revolution. They absolutely controlled the English government between 1675 and 1775.

If there is anything anent the sword tradition of Cadwallader, his desire to have someone bearing the name of Jones draw it, to avenge his personal wrongs, as well as the wrongs of many of the colonists, then suffering oppression, may have had something to do with his descendant, John Paul Jr., in discarding the name of Paul and taking that of Jones; though there were several other reasons for his change of name. In 1773, when John Paul, Jr., became John Paul Jones, it was clear, to every thinking man, that war between England and the colonies was inevitable, and Paul was already down in North Carolina with his notable kinsmen, Wylie and Allen Jones, getting ready for the coming bloody struggle in which he was to play so great a part.

William and Richard Jones, half brothers, as the author believes, to Paul Jones' great grandfather, "Rappahannock" Cadwallader Jones, married sisters of a very religious turn of mind. The sisters were Quakers. They insisted that at least a part of their children should bear Scriptural names, such as Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, David, and Benjamin. These sisters had either a father, or brother, named William Harris, that came to own an estate known as "The Crofts," in Calvert County, Maryland, and died there in 1697.

This William Harris was probably the Major William Harris that is mentioned in the Charles City, Virginia, records in 1661, when Indian troubles were on, and Governor Frances Maryson was giving orders to "Col. Abraham Wood, Major William Harris, and Captain Peter Jones," to command the "Trained bands in the counties of Henrico and Charles City." to meet the dreaded foe." Sometime, after 1661, Major Harris probably removed from Virginia and settled in Calvert County, Maryland. The two Jones brothers, William and Richard, evidently took their families and went with Major Harris, leaving their younger half brother, "Rappahannock" Cadwallader Jones in Virginia. Their father, Richard, who had been a merchant in London before coming to Virginia, died nearly ten years before 1661; his youngest son, Cadwallader, believed to be ancestor of Paul, was at that time about ten years of age, and was living with his mother. Frances Townshend-Jones-Williams. This remarkable woman's first husband was Richard Townshend, ancestor to Congressman "Dick" Townshend, of Illinois, who

was first elected in 1876, and who had a long and honorable career at Washington. He was of the same ancestress as was Paul Jones. Frances, later married a Williams, whose descendant, Governor Williams, of North Carolina, married a half sister to General Allen and Governor "Willie" Jones. Paul Jones probably visited, 1773, both his Jones and Williams' relatives. So the Townshends, and this branch of the Williams', as well as the Slaughters, and others, were, and are, distant kinsmen to Paul Jones.

Richard Jones, on coming to Virginia, left behind him, in England, a son named Frederick This Frederick was doubtless the ancestor of Captain Roger Jones, from whom the Winchester, Kentucky, Jones' descended. Captain Roger Jones had both a Frederick and a Thomas. long line of heroes descended from this Thomas. The first Robert, or Robin Jones, a descendant of the first Cadwallader Jones of Virginia, deserted the English Navy, as the tradition of his descendants avers. His sweetheart was not. however, his only reason for deserting his ship and swimming to the shore at Norfolk. ever, from all accounts, she was worth the risk of drowning. From this union came some of the brainiest and bravest Jones' in America. (See "Memories of a Southern Woman" by Mary Polk Branch.)

Nearly all the Virginia counties, by the year 1700, had numerous descendants of "Soldier"

Cadwallader Jones; or of his brothers, nephews and cousins, especially of his brother, the first Peter Jones of Virginia, who came, 1623.

General John Cadwallader of Pennsylvania, a hero of the Revolution, was another distant relative to Paul Jones; he was as brave and reckless as was the Admiral himself. On two occasions when Paul had challenged men to a duel for wronging him, he chose General Cadwallader for his second. (See Buell's "Paul Jones.")

There was a man named Reid, nephew to Benjamin Franklin, who did much for Paul. He had a wife, Frances, who was a descendant of Richard Jones, and his wife, Frances Town-Mrs. Reid, was a near cousin to Paul. shend. Paul spent much time at the Reid home, in Virginia; and he and Reid kept up a correspondence for years afterward. The widower, Patrick Henry, married the girl Paul perhaps would have married had be remained on his Rappahannock plantation. The Admiral gives a hint of this affair in his letter to Lady Selkirk. had numerous love affairs; but none very serious, except the last, it would seem.

It is well known how, like a cousin, Robert Morris talked to Paul Jones and General Cadwallader; both of whom were forever wanting to fight duels. Morris would not have dared to speak to them as he did, on many occasions, if he had not been of blood kin to them; of which the Illinois family tradition averred. Morris

had exactly the same line of Welsh ancestry, at least one side, as had both Paul Jones and Elder John Jones of Illinois. All met in Lewis, as the writer has traced it. A great number of prominent revolutionists, bearing Welsh names, the author has also traced back to this ancient line of Rodri Mawr; and on to Cadwallader the Blessed, Cunedda, Llud, and Mulmute.



CHAPTER VIII

From the time that "Rappahannock" Cad-Jones disappeared from Virginia, around 1700, until the family reached Scotland, about the date of the last uprising of Scotland against England, the author confesses that his recollections of the Jones Illinois family tradition is exceedingly framentary. He deeply regrets not having become more absorbed in it in his youth. He remembers something of Calvert County, Maryland, and of the Griffiths; of a man there named Roberts who had come down from Pennsylvania and married a daughter of Richard Jones, brother to William Jones; who was an ancestor, on the maternal side, of the writer; both Richard and William Jones had reached Calvert County from Virginia, ahead of the fleeing Cadwallader, their half brother. He remembers something of Cadwallader taking his wife and daughter, Elizabeth, into Calvert County. Maryland, from Virginia, and staying a short time with his brothers; then of his going on from Maryland into Pennsylvania, and of Elizabeth's marriage (somewhere) with a man named

Paul; Adam Paul, as remembered; then of the family going to Scotland, where two sons were born, William and John; maybe a daughter, or more; of Cadwallader Jones dying in Scotland, as well as his wife; also Elizabeth and her husband. The names Fifeshire and Leith sound familiar; also there was a ship owner, in Pennsylvania, named Cadwallader Jones, who took the family to Scotland in his ship. He also remembers of hearing something of a member of this Virginia family coming into money in Scotland, from the Pennsylvania Cadwallader; who was "of kin," and who lived with the family in Scotland when not at sea.

This second Cadwallader Jones, of Pennsylvania, has been of much doubt to the writer. It has taken much research to get him in his proper place. Once the author believed that he may have been the ancestor of Paul Jones; but he, evidently, was only captivated by the older, more plausible, and more ambitious Cadwallader.

The Pennsylvania Cadwallader Jones was not a very distant relative to the Virginia Cadwallader. He was the son of John ap Thomas, of Wales, who, like his cousin, John ap Evan, had a mother who was a Cadwallader; the mother to both being sisters. The Pennsylvania Cadwallader Jones strangely took to sea, going out of Philadelphia about the time the Virginia Cadwallader Jones should have reached Pennsylvania; or not long afterward, and never re-

turned to America. Stranger yet, he seems to have ended his connections with the Quaker Meeting about that date. He was said to be well to do, but his family in Philadelphia County did not seem to share in his wealth at his death. He died at sea, on his own ship. It is not known, of record, what became of his estate. He never married. What part, if any, did these two Cadwallader Jones' play in the Scottish uprising that ended in the union of Scotland with England, 1707?

The Pennsylvania Cadwallader Jones had two brothers, and one sister, who reached Pennsylvania before 1790. All were leaders in the Quaker faith; all prominent and well to do. One brother, Robert, had a daughter that married into the Paul family. Also Robert's son, Gerard, had a son, a few years older than the Admiral, who bore the name of Paul Jones. This Paul Jones was yet living when the Pennsylvania census was taken in 1790. The two Paul Jones' were near cousins. Not more distant than second.

This Pennsylvania Paul Jones had a great aunt, by marriage, who, with her brother and sister, changed their names from Jones to Griffith; also a number of second cousins that did the same thing; all this is of record in Pennsylvania. Would mention just here that, among the prominent people of the John ap Evan ap Robert ap Lewis line, to change their names, was Evan himself, from whom so many people

in the colonies, especially in Pennsylvania, and North Carolina, have descended.

His mother was a Lloyd, of the same line as that from which the present Lloyd George came; a descendant of Llud or Lloyd, founder of London. Evan inherited a considerable landed estate, through the Lloyds. Before that he wrote his name Evan ap Robert. After he inherited the landed estate he wrote it Evan Lloyd. The sons of the elder Evan wrote their names as follows:—Cadwallader ap Evan, John ap Evan, Owen ap Evan, Griffith ap Evan, Evan Lloyd Evan. There is nothing strange about Paul Jones' change of name, once it is established that he was of Welsh extraction.

It is easy to understand, since we have the key, how the descendants of Evan ap Robert formed so many differently named families in Pennsylvania John's descendants became mostly either Johns or Jones; Cadwallader's children became Cadwalladers: Evan Lloyd's children became Evans; Owen's children became Owens; and Griffith's children became Griffiths. Seems to us that all of them should have been either Evans', Roberts', or Lewis', but that is because we look at it from an English point of view. All the above were also of course, related to "Soldier" Cadwallader Jones, discussed in the last chapter. That this "Soldier" Cadwallader was a near cousin to both John ap Evan and his cousin, John ap Thomas, is beyond doubt. Paul's ancestor, "Rappahannock" Cadwallader, was cousin only about three degrees removed, from the first Cadwallader Jones that reached Pennsylvania; not over fourth cousin at most. Both left America, and took to the sea together.

One of the brothers of this Pennsylvania Cadwallader Jones, Thomas Jones, married his second cousin, Ann Griffith. She was a daughter of Griffith Jones, son of John ap Evan of Wales. At the death of her distinguished father she, and her brothers, imitated or rather anticipated Admiral Paul Jones, and changed their names. They became Griffiths, and their male descendants who, apparently, ought to have been Jones', are Griffiths to this day. All simply because the name of Griffith was purely a Welsh name, while John, or Jones, was a Welsh-Norman name, borrowed from the Jews. Anciently, a Welshman would change his name for any reason that seemed good to him.

The Pennsylvania Cadwallader Jones' sister, Catherine, named for her mother Katherine Vaughn, of Wales, married Robert Roberts of Philadelphia, and died after leaving issue; from this union some of the most noted Roberts' families of America have descended. After her death Robert Roberts left for Calvert County, Maryland, accompanied by some of the Griffiths, Roberts', Jones', and others. While there he married Priscilla, daughter to Richard Jones, brother to William, and half brother to "Rappahannock" Cadwallader Jones. The Griffiths,

and the descendants of William Jones, intermarried, and it is more than probable that the Pennsylvania ancestor of the writer, Cadwallader Jones, married around 1758-1759, in either Maryland or Virginia, a young lady named Griffith, who was descended from William Jones. She was probably great granddaughter to the William above mentioned; and was, as the author remembers, a very near cousin, somehow, to Admiral John Paul Jones; possibly, second.

However, the writer must sadly confess that he has no written record concerning his old North Carolina ancestress, and the tradition as to her maiden name is exceedingly faint. The sons of William Jones, brother to "Rappahannock" Cadwallader, were; William, David, Benjamin, and Jacob. As the elder William was considerably older than Cadwallader of the Rappahannock, is it not likely that the mysterious David, mentioned in the Virginia Magazine, as land partner to "Rappahannock" Cadwallader, was nephew to him?

Richard, of Calvert County, became a Quaker; William and Cadwallader remained Episcopalians. Richard was one of the Maryland ministers of the Society of Friends, or Quakers. Was it he, or his father, who was Rev. Richard Jones of Merchant's Hope, an early settler, in Prince George County, Virginia; and who did not remain there?

It is believed by the author that both the Alabama and South Carolina Jones historians

are a little confused anent these two Richard Jones', father and son. One refers to a "Merchant" Richard; and the other to a Rev. Richard near "Merchant's Hope," in Prince George County, Virginia. In the opinion of the writer, Merchant's Hope, which consisted of 1500 acres, was probably named by the elder Richard, while the Rev. Richard, his son, whom we find about year 1699 at the "Crofts," in Calvert County, Maryland, probably formerly lived at or near his father's estate of "Merchant's Hope," in Virginia. Both also seem confused as to the first Peter Jones, of record. He was too old a man to fit into their placement. Everything points to the Major's father, Peter, being a brother to "Soldier" Cadwallader. The North Carolina-Illinois tradition was of two noted Indian fighters-"Rappahannock" Cadwallader Jones and Major Peter Jones, cousins, or second cousins, as the writer remembers the tradition. The author believes that the first Peter Jones died in 1662, and that it was his son, Maj. Peter who commanded at Fort Henry in 1676.

The younger Richard Jones, or "Quaker" Richard, had a large family; his sons being Abraham, Aquilla, Richard, Kinsey, and Isaac. His daughters were Eliza Cole, Priscilla Roberts, Margaret Hopkins, and Elizabeth Troth. Tradition is that there has been an Aquilla now and then, in the long family line, from the days of the Roman occupation of Britain. There may have been a marriage between a Roman named

Aquilla, and a British or Welsh girl of the old family line. The Welsh counted descent from an ancestress same as from an ancestor. noted members of the family in Indiana (of the Pennsylvania, Maryland, North Carolina line) bore the name of Aquilla Jones. One was a State Treasurer, and afterward post-master of Indianapolis; and was said to be the oldest postmaster in the world. His father, Benjamin Jones, born 1766, in North Carolina, lived to be 99; he died when the writer was five years old. He left a tradition of his being a near cousin to Paul Jones. A grandson of Colonel Charles Jones, of Gibson County, Indiana, who was born over ninety years ago, had from his grandfather, born 1791, and from his great grandmother, born 1762, a tradition of near kinship with Admiral Paul Jones; so have most all the Gibson County, Indiana, as well as the Wayne, and Edwards County, Illinois relatives. One very old Indiana relative, Charles Waters, of Owensville, was positive that the first North Carolina born Cadwallader Jones, 1760, ancestor to himself and to Elder John Jones of Illinois, was a near cousin to Admiral Paul Jones; "though," he said, "for some reason, mighty few of the Jones relatives in America knew that Paul was of kin to them." The writer had about the same tradition from Mrs. Elizabeth (Jones) Aurner of Waterloo, Iowa, who was born some eighty-five years ago, in Wayne County, Illinois, and had never seen any of her Jones relatives after she was five

years old. She had her tradition from her father, Robert A. Jones, brother to Elder John Jones of Illinois.

More than a hundred times, in boyhood, the author heard Elder John Jones speak of his grandfather as being some sort of cousin to Paul Jones, but cannot remember the exact degree. Once, after Elder John, in old age, had a stroke of paralysis the author asked him if he could talk a little. He said he would try. He was asked; "Are you sure who John Paul Jones' ancestor was, and can you tell us again about how Paul Jones came to be related to us?" Feebly, he replied, "Yes, Cadwallader Jones. He was born in Virginia, and died, I think, in Scotland."

Here the effort to talk became so painful he was requested to say no more.

On one occasion the Elder spoke of a trip that his first North Carolina ancestress made to the plantation of a cousin, William Jones, who, as the writer remembers, had been William Paul; he had a plantation on the Rappahannock in Virginia, and had negroes there that afterward came to be owned by Paul Jones. This William Jones died a bachelor, and the writer somehow came to the settled belief that this William Jones was uncle to John Paul Jones. If not, who was he?

From tradition and record, the author has made his own deductions about as follows:

Elizabeth Jones, daughter of "Rappahan-nock" Cadwallader, was of marriageable age

when the family left Virginia for Maryland, and Pennsylvania. In Pennsylvania she married a Paul, and the family went to Scotland. father, once governor of the Bahamas, and an adventurer, had used his great persuasive powers on his not very distant cousin, Cadwallader Jones of Pennsylvania, to buy a ship and have the two Cadwalladers sail to Scotland, then in turmoil; if war did not come between Scotland and England, then to engage in the West Indies trade, and "get rich." When Cadwallader Jones of Virginia was Governor of the Bahamas, 1688-1692, he was charged with being too friendly with the old pirates that had, a few years before, sailed under his noted kinsman, Welsh "Harry" Morgan, who barring Morgan's later kinsman, Paul Jones, was the most redoubtable sea and land fighter the world has ever known. In a good cause, if he had been properly backed, he might have conquered the world.

Both the Cadwalladers, as the writer believes, sailed away from Pennsylvania, and possibly formed a business partnership. However, there is a tradition that Governor Cadwallader "had deep trouble across the waters." He may have died in either a Scottish or English jail; or worse, on an English prison ship; where his creditors finally got their "pound of flesh." Mrs. Joseph A. Johnson, a well known lady of Richmond, Virginia, writes the author that she knows nothing of Admiral Paul Jones being descended from "Rappahannock" Cadwallader

Jones, but the tradition of her family and understanding is, that this Cadwallader Jones did reach England after leaving Virginia; and that he did take with him, one daughter, whom she believes was named Elizabeth; any part of Great Britain is often referred to as "England."

The belief of the writer is that, at his death, Cadwallader of the Rappahannock, left a large equity in lands in Virginia that he was able, through fictitious sales to his kinsmen in London, to cover up from his creditors. That these equities descended, under Scotch law, to his oldest grandson, William Paul. That perhaps, as in case of the sword, heretofore mentioned, Cadwallader left a wish that his descendants who should possess his lands in Virginia, should perpetuate and honor his name.

He believes further that William brother to John Paul, left Scotland, went to Virginia, and did succeed in saving enough of his grandfather's equities to become possessed of a fine plantation on the Rappahannock, near That he took the name of Jones, on reaching Virginia; while his younger brother, John, who had married a Scotch girl, remained a That William, who never Paul in Scotland. married, wanted to show all the kindness to his brother John and his children that John would allow. That John, possibly because of his wife's reluctance to burden too much her husband's prosperous brother, decided to stay in Scotland. Possibly, William Paul, who became William

Jones in Virginia, had also come into considerable means, in Scotland, from bachelor Cadwallader Jones of Pennsylvania. That is the way the writer seems to remember the tradition. Possibly the record of a will to this effect might be unearthed in Scotland.

For some reason, as well known, John Paul and his wife were willing that their children should share in William Jones' prosperity. Four of them, none over twelve years of age, sailed across what was then a dangerous sea, three thousand miles wide, and came to the Virginia plantation of "Bachelor" William Jones; who has been, to all searchers so far, about as great a mystery as is Paul Jones himself.

It is clear that young Paul's oldest, and one surviving brother, William Paul, evidently named for his Uncle William, was meant to inherit the William Jones' estate, at the latter's death. He would have been legally entitled to it, if there had been no will, as he was the eldest son; also there is little doubt that William Paul meant to change his name to Jones as soon as he became in possession of said landed estate. Some historians declare William Paul was called William Jones, at one time. Perhaps they had the uncle in mind, who had changed his name from William Paul to William Jones.

Before, the death of "Bachelor" William, it became patent that William Paul would die childless. Also "Bachelor" William, had formed a great liking for his younger nephew, John Paul. Buell is possibly correct in stating that "Bachelor" William Jones left a will to the effect that, if William Paul died childless, the esstate should go to his brother, John Paul, Jr. Record of this will, if it really existed, was perhaps destroyed during the Civil War. Buell had his information from the tradition of the great nephew of John Paul Jones, who should have known if there was a will. Buell says that "Bachelor" William Jones formerly lived in Scotland, and "was of kin" to the Pauls. did not suspect how near was his kinship to the father of the Admiral. The writer from all the facts in his possession, is convinced that William Jones and John Paul, Sr., were full brothers, the one changing his name from Paul to Jones for the same reason that John Paul, Jr. did. Both had a sentimental and a financial reason for doing so; together with the Welsh liberty to do as they liked about the matter.

Whether William Jones made a condition, or request, in a will that John Paul, Jr., should take the name of Jones, may and may not be true. This may not have been in the will itself. However, John Paul, Jr., would doubtless have taken the name he did, whether there had been a will or otherwise.

Why John Paul Jones, and his sisters surviving him, were so extremely reticent about their ancestry is, as yet, somewhat puzzling to

the author. Very few of his American relatives, it would seem, at that time, suspected his descent from the tremendously ambitious Cadwallader Jones of the Rappahannock; and those to whom Paul revealed himself seem to have kept, for some reason, the secret of his descent to themselves. It was over seventy years from the time "Rappahannock" Cadwallader Jones left Virginia until Paul returned. Almost all his kinsmen would have seemed like strangers to him, by then, and most of their ancestors had been unkind to his ancestor.

It must not be forgotten that his ancestor had a very difficult written record to defend; both in Virginia, and as Governor and councilman of the Bahamas. Colonel Cadwallader Jones of South Carolina, in his Jones book, tells us that Governor Cadwallader Jones of the Rappahannock, who, he says, was a very great uncle to him, "was dismissed, as Governor of the Bahamas, in disgrace."

The Governor perhaps tried too strenuously to make, while in office, the money his creditors were demanding. He, of course, did not want to die in prison. Paul really owed him much; he possibly revered his memory; yet he evidently did not want his enemies to dig up his ancestor's written record and flaunt it in the face of his own descendants, and kinsmen. So he preferred to make the name his ancestor bore respected, while he, himself, remained practically incognito. There is nothing to the theory that

Paul changed his name because he had killed a man on board his ship and feared arrest and punishment. He had been acquitted of killing that mutinous seaman, and had continued after that to bear the name of Paul, up to his reaching Virginia, 1773, after bachelor William Jones' death, and while his brother, Wm. Paul, was in the beginning of his last illness. And then not until his attorney, Wylie Jones, of North Carolina, had assured him of his legal right of ownership to the William Jones' plantation; which, as it came to Paul before his elder brother's death, in 1774, as William's tombstone makes clear, it must have come to Paul by will, as Buell has it.

It must not be forgotten that, in 1773, Frederickburg, where William Paul was then living, was quite an important place. Wylie, or "Willie" Jones, was one of the future great patriots of the Revolution; he was ex-officio Governor of North Carolina pending the election of a Governor after the secession from England. He often practiced law at Frederickburg before leaving Virginia for North Carolina, and for that matter during most of his life while remaining in practice.

Being a relative of the aristocratic William Jones, Wylie was probably his confidential law-yer. He probably drew the will or wills, if there were such, in favor of John Paul's sons; possibly with certain conditions that seemed puzzling to Paul and William, at the time Paul reached

Virginia, before his brother's death.

It was natural that Paul should go to North Carolina to visit his noted kinsmen, Wylie and Allen Jones, and, while there, get Wylie Jones to explain to him the legal tangle relating to the fine plantation. Tradition of the family is that Wylie was his attorney, and made a five hundred pound bond for him. While in North Carolina Paul would probably spend but little time with relatives, who had removed there, outside of those whose ancestors had been friendly to his ancestor. Was it because of his family tradition that David Jones, his ancestor's land partner, had remained a friend, that caused Paul to spend "one night" in the rather humble home of the "North Carolina" Cadwallader Jones, whose wife was near cousin to Paul, and a near niece to David Jones?

As to Paul's posterity, the family tradition was, so far as known to the writer, that he left no descendants. However he was a man of mystery, and nothing should be surprising. There was a tradition to the effect that he had a sweetheart in Virginia who afterward married Patrick Henry, much to his, Paul's grief. Also, that "somewhere" in Europe he had married a princess; however, "not according to the law of that land but according to the custom of Scotland." A common law marriage, evidently; such as is even now legal in Scotland, and in some States in America.

As well known, at the present time in Scotland, the groom may take the bride by the hand, and both take the simple obligation of matrimony; no license, no official, and no witnesses being necessary.

Up to a few months ago, the writer believed that this traditional Scotch marriage rite had been taken between Paul and the beautiful half sister of the French King, who so honored the conqueror of the Serapis. There is no doubt that Paul cared a good deal for this unfortunate Aimee de Tellison, of Paris. Yet, it may have been only a case of "Platonic friendship." She was unquestionably a girl of splendid principles. Napoleon valued her highly, making her a member of his household.

The author has recently come to believe that Paul Jones has, at this time, at least one living descendant, coming from a Scottish rite marriage in Russia, in the person of Miss Helmy Weisserich, who is of noble descent, both on the side of Paul Jones and of her great ancestress, Princess Kourakina, of Russia.

On April 4th, 1926, the metropolitan press of the world gave out a garbled bit of news, together with what purported to be a photo of Miss Weisserich, which however, does not resemble her. She was much misrepresented in these stories, but her genealogy as given in these articles, the author believes to be correct. In her youth she did not know want, but now she is working in Reval, Estonia, for her living. Estonia as most everyone knows was formerly a part of Russia.

We quote a part of the press report that we believe to be most reliable:—

"The indentification of Helmy Weisserich as a descendant of John Paul Jones is one of many interesting and important discoveries resulting from the research of the Russian historians, Uspensky and Petroff.

"In the secret archives of the palace at Gatchina they uncovered letters and diaries of Empress Catherine the Great which throw the most illuminating light on the life of Admiral Jones in Russia, where he went after the close of the American Revolution. These reveal the great fondness which the empress had for the American sea fighter and show how sadly mistaken he was when he misunderstood the meaning of a painting she sent him when he fled in terror of his life from St. Petersburg.

"The letters and the diaries further revealed the secret love affair which Jones had with Princess Kourakina, a beautiful lady-in-waiting, at the imperial court, and how she died after the admiral's flight to Paris, while giving birth to his son. The empress, who had known of this secret love affair, and had done her best to break it up, saw to it that the boy's grandfather brought him up just as if he had been the child of a legitimate Russian marriage and never let him know the tragic romance of his parents.

"With all these clues to work on the historians had no great difficulty in tracing the descent of the little love child right down to the present day, and identifying Helmy Weisserich of Reval as perhaps the only living descendant of John Paul Jones.

"They were sure they had made no mistake when they found in the young woman's possession a ring which had come down to her as a family heirloom. It is marked with the initials, "J. P. J." bearing the Jones' family coat of arms and is believed to have been the token he gave Princess Kourakina when he declared his love for her. (What right had Paul Jones to put the Jones coat of arms on a ring gift, if he was not descended from a Jones?)

"According to the genealogy, traced out by Professors Uspensky, and Petroff, little Prince Kourakina Jones was christened Ivan (John) just as his dying mother had wished. Later he entered the Military Cadet Corps and became a guard officer of the Hussar Regiment. Under Alexander the First he took an active part in the Napoleonic campaign and married a German countess, Lydia Tiesenhausen.

"In 1835 a boy was born of this marriage, whose name was Alexander. He became involved in a Russian revolutionary movement in 1865 with Dostoyewsky, and Krepotkin, and was banished to Estonia. In 1876 he married a German baroness, Betha von Weisserich, in Reval, and made this city his home. In 1880 a child

was born to him, a girl, by the name of Olga, who married a relative of her mother, Baron Rudolph von Weisserich, in Narva, a rich manufacturer.

"Baron von Weisserich inherited all the Kourakina estates. He married an Estonian widow Mme. Schulz. Their daughter "Helmy" was born in 1903. In 1917, during the Russian revolution, both her parents were killed by drunken soldiers. The girl alone survives, the last of her line.

"Shortly before Jones' flight to Paris the following entry is found in Empress Catherine's diary:—

"'Anna Mihailvoan (Kourakina) came to me in tears and asked permission to be married to Admiral Jones. No! I told her flatly. The idea! Everywhere love! Silly notions of a young girl. I am afraid our atmosphere is too saturated with romance. Descartes tells me even he has been affected by it. And poor Francois (Voltaire) writes me he is afraid to visit me because of that 'atmosphere.' Is it actually so? I am sure the court of Louis in Versailles is far more dangerous in this respect."

A week later she writes:—

"Today Anna Mihailovan was more persistent about the matter of her marriage to Jones. I would not mind it, but then, she will smother him, kill all his energy. She is such a strong girl. And worst of all he is madly in love with her. I told her I would rather see her disgraced

than married to Admiral Jones. She burst out crying and fell on her knees and kissed my feet. I will arrest her and send her a prisoner to the country estate of her father. I will not let a young girl mix in my political affairs. I will not let my officers be made the victims of pretty girls in my court. One must keep discipline.'

"As the Russian court records of the time prove, Princess Kourakina soon disappeared mysteriously from the court and never returned. About two months afterward Count Benkendorff, the head of the secret service, wrote the Empress as follows:—

"'Your Majesty, I have seized five love letters from Princess Anna Mihailovan Kourakina to Admiral Jones and three letters from him to her, which are enclosed. It is evident that after this they will hardly be able to communicate with each other, as she has been sent to the convent of Nova Devishy to await the birth of her child, while he, a stranger in a strange country, will soon think she has simply deserted him. However, I am keeping gendarmes watching to prevent the chance of their communication with each other.'

"The love letters enclosed with this are almost entirely illegible. A portion of one written by the forlorn princess reads as follows:—

"'I know, my dear, you still love me and will never desert me, even though we are not legally married. My health is growing bad. My father is very angry with me and would never let you come here. Next month I will be sent to the convent at Moscow, and there I shall remain till our baby is born. But do not communicate with me there. When I leave the convent I will find you no matter where you are'

"About five months after the date of this letter, Catherine the Great wrote in her diary:—

"'Yesterday I received a note from the abbess of the Novo Devishy convent in which she tells me that, a week ago, today, to Princess Anna Mihailovan was born a boy, and she died during the birth. I instructed Sasha to see that the boy inherited the title of his mother, with the additional suffix of Jones and it is to be treated as the legitimate child of Admiral John Paul Jones, and the poor princess. He is to be registered in the records of the high nobility and treated accordingly when he comes of age. The boy is never to know the tragic romance of his parents.'

"On another occasion the Empress wrote to the father of the dead princess:—

'Dear Mihail Alexandrovitch: I order you to raise and care for the child of your late daughter as if he were truly her legitimate son. It is I who am to blame that she was not legally married to the man she loved, and you are never to tell the boy who his father was. The Admiral was a fool, and yet a genius.'

"It is very likely that John Paul Jones never heard of the death of the woman he loved, or of the child that was born to her of his love. The one letter he wrote to Catherine from France reflects much concern for her fate. It reads:—

"'I would be exceedingly happy if you would have someone let me know where Anna Mihailovan is and how she feels. She is a wonderful woman and I really love her. I do not understand why she disappeared so mysteriously from St. Petersburg when I began to urge her to openly marry me. Would that I could have some word of her.'

"These translations of letters and pages from the Empress' diary that have recently been received in this country by friends of Professor Uspensky and Petroff seem to leave no doubt about the tragic love affair of John Paul Jones. And the historians, searching out the genealogy of Helmy Weisserich, seem fully to establish the fact that the blood of the American naval hero flows in her veins.

"She is described as an unusually attractive young woman, well educated and speaking English and French fluently besides her native Russian. (Not English well.)

"Will she ever be allowed to visit this country, or will she perhaps be barred because of what many will think the "moral turpitude" of her distinguished ancestor?"

If the author's tradition, which is supposed to have come down from one of Paul's sisters, is a fact, then there was no "moral turpitude" whatever. Paul Jones and Princess Kourakina were, in that event, married, and under the only ceremony possible, in the face of the terrible Catherine, who really wanted Paul Jones for herself. She believed that with him she could conquer, not only the Turks, but the world as well. She was perhaps the only human being Paul Jones ever met that he feared.

The author hopes that, as soon as she learns English fluently, which she is now studying, Miss Helmy will come to the land her great ancestor helped to make free, and be received as the "only living descendant of John Paul Jones." Her friends in Reval say that she is a young lady, not only of wonderful personality, but is as good as she is lovely. She is well educated, except in the English language.

After the foregoing was written, the writer received from an elderly cousin at Fairfield, Illinois, the following, which he is glad to insert as a sort of foot note:

Dear Cousin, I have carefully read all your conclusions anent our kinsman, John Paul Jones. We agree in the main; but, as I remember the tradition, "Rappahannock Cadwallader Jones was grandfather, not great grandfather to Paul Jones. Think you have become mixed on the two Paul Jones', the one born in Pennsylvania, and the one born in Scotland. As I remember, from your father, and mine, the first wife of "Rappahannock" Cadwallader, after giving birth to two young sons, and one or more

older daughters, before 1700, either died, or she and her husband were divorced. Think Cadwallader married again, perhaps in Maryland, before his going into Pennsylvania. His elder son, William, got along well enough with his step-mother; but the younger son, John, never forgave his father for marrying the second time, and, for that reason, left home after the family arrived in Scotland, and changed his name to Paul. He was always, really, a Jones.

When grown, William Jones, the elder son, and his sister, or possibly half sister, Elizabeth, I believe, came back to Virginia, and William was, somehow, able to get hold of a plantation on the Rappahannock, out of the equities his father had left behind, in lands; and because he had inherited, somehow, some money in Scotland. He became known as "Bachelor" William Jones, and he was most kind to his brother John's children, who kept coming over from Scotland to live with him. It was his sister, Elizabeth, (I think that was her name), that married a son of William Jones. He was her cousin. It was a daughter, born to this marriage, that our Pennsylvania Cadwallader Jones married, about 1758, or 1759, on his way south. This couple reached North Carolina before 1760. The wife, our ancestress, was thus, as I remember the tradition, an own cousin to Paul Jones. He ought always to have been called Paul Jones. He did take that name after inheriting the estate of "Bachelor" William Jones, his blood un-

cle. So, you see, you and I are descendants, on female side, of Governor Cadwallader Jones: also of the Governor's half brother, William, of Calvert County, Maryland. Our fathers were fourth cousins to Admiral Paul Jones. Pennsylvania Jones' intermarried with Perhaps one or more families of the Pauls went with the two Cadwallader Jones' to Scotland. If so, the boy, John Jones, when he left home, probably made his home with a Paul, and became known as John Paul. But this is largely a guess. Like you, the tradition is not as clear as it once was. But I have not the least doubt, when you say that Paul Jones is descended, somehow, from Governor Cadwallader Jones, of Virginia, that you are correct. Also, that the Virginia and Pennsylvania lines met in Wales and went back, without a break, at least to Rhoderick the Great, king of all the Welsh; and, with breaks, many centuries beyond that.

Very truly,

R. W. Jones.

END OF BOOK ONE

Here, the descendant of William Jones, and as his cousin thinks also of "Rappahannock" Cadwallader Jones, who has so far spoken of himself as one of the authors, gives way to a descendant of General Allen Jones, the other author, as well as sole editor of this book.



THE LAST DAYS of JOHN PAUL JONES

by Joseph G. Branch



CHAPTER I

The misfortunes of John Paul Jones began with his acceptance of a commission in the Russian Navy. For the first forty-one years of his life he had never known defeat. From the age of twelve years he had faced the world alone and had overcome every obstacle until he had made himself one of the foremost men in the world, and the greatest naval hero in all history. He had been awarded the highest honors not only by the United States, but also by France and Denmark and no man had ever enjoyed more universal respect and admiration than enjoyed by him. was at this time that Russia sought his services as an officer in her Navy. The Empress Catherine II was anxious to have him enter her service. she being at that time engaged in her second Turkish war and was in sore need of his services. Through Mr. Jefferson, who was then the Minister from the United States to France, she made overtures to Paul Jones and at last persuaded him to accept the commission of Rear Admiral in her Navy. She had been fully informed of his great value not only as a commander who had never suffered defeat but as an organizer of the highest ability. She, therefore, had induced him to enter her service, although she fully recognized that she was placing him and also herself in a most delicate position in giving him the commission of Rear Admiral in her Navy, in which was enlisted a great number of English officers and English sailors, the antagonism of the English people to Paul Jones being well known to Catherine. She also had to overcome the much more formidable opposition of her lover who at that time was a notorious Prince Potemkin, who was the Commander and Chief of the Russian Army and Navy. The great influence of the Prince Potemkin over the Empress can be seen from the fact that of all the lovers of this brilliant and most immoral queen, Prince Potemkin not only was her lover for sixteen years, but after she tired of him he dictated for the remainder of her life who her favorites should be. Potemkin was in complete command of the Russian Navy and while not openly opposing Jones, the Empress knew that only by the greatest diplomacy on her part could she prevent friction between the two. It took all the diplomacy of this remarkable woman, whose brilliancy was only equal by her immorality, to prevent the crushing of Jones by his numerous enemies until she could obtain the services in which she was in such need of this great naval genius, in order to crush the Turks and carry out her dreams of conquest.

With her great diplomacy, taking advantage of a gallant and noble man entirely unaccustomed to the diplomacy of a land in which he was a stranger, knowing nothing of their language, she placed him among enemies on every side. In consequence his victories were not even permitted to be mentioned, except in a most casual way, while all credit was taken by Potemkin to himself and his favorite, the Prince of Nassau-Siegen, equally as dishonorable as himself.

Although Paul Jones was first informed on December 20th, 1787, that Russia would like to have him Commander of her Black Sea fleet, it was not until April 18th, of the same year that Jones was finally induced to enter the Russian service. The grade of captain commandant with the rank of major-general was first offered Jones by the Empress Catherine through the Baron Krudner, but was declined by Paul Jones as of an inferior rank, and he demanded the rank of Vice-Admiral, which was at once given him by the Empress. April 25th, 1788, Jones arrived in St. Petersburg after a most dangerous journey and was given an audience with the Empress Catherine, who expressed herself delighted with Jones and at once conferred upon him every honor of his rank as a Vice-Admiral; and on his journey to take up his command of the Russian fleet in the Liman she required the greatest honors to be paid him by all cities through which he passed. On May 26th, 1788, he hoisted his flag as Rear-Admiral on the Wollodimer.

The Naval battles which took place between the Russian and Turkish fleets is a matter of history, and in such conflicts Paul Jones commanded in person the flotilla of the Prince of Nassau-Siegen and his own ships. His victories were so great that Potemkin was forced to thank Jones for same and the Order of St. Ann was presented him in recognition of his services.

Combined against Paul Jones, seeking always to destroy him, was Prince Potemkin, Prince of Nassau-Siegen, Admiral Mordwinoff, and every Russian and English officer under Jones, with the exception of the English officer, Albert Edwards, he having but one friend in all the Russian Navy to whom he could turn, being the Russian General Alexander Suwarrow, who afterwards became commander in chief of the Russian Army and Navy. As soon as it was apparent that the Turks were crushed and that Paul Jones' services would be no longer needed. he was informed that Admiral Mordwinoff had been ordered to supersede him in command of the squadron, and on October 18, 1788, he was ordered by the Empress to proceed to St. Petersburg for service in the North Sea.

On arriving at St. Petersburg on December 28, 1788, he was ordered to appear in court and on December 31, 1788, was given an audience with the Empress Catherine. During the months

that followed it was evident that Catherine never intended to place Paul Jones in command of her Baltic fleet, but together with Potemkin and Nassau-Siegen was grossly deceiving him. On June, 1789, he was informed that he had been granted a leave for two years by her Imperial Majesty, which was the same as a dismissal from her service.

Owing to the friends of the Count de Segur, who was Ambassador of France to Russia, and the most influential ambassador at the court of Catherine, and also the friendship of Louis XVI, then emperor of France, the Empress Catherine dared not openly dismiss Paul Jones, and she therefore was forced to find some subterfuge for her dismissal, which had been brought about principally by Potemkin and Nassau-Siegen and not by English influence as Paul Jones always believed. It was then that the infamous plot was conceived to destroy Paul Jones and make his dismissal possible without giving offense to France.

On March 15, 1789 the enemies of Paul Jones had a woman of disrepute to make affidavit that he had invited a young girl to his home and there outraged her. The falseness of this charge has clearly been shown by the affidavit of the mother of the girl, who stated she was paid money to make this charge, and by the statement of the girl herself in reference to her former lovers, and also by the statements of the servants in the house at the time. However, it

was impossible to convince the Empress of the falseness of this charge and she not only refused to again receive Paul Jones, but gave him a leave of absence with the understanding that he should at once leave the country.

It was in vain that Jones attempted to show by evidence the falseness of the charge; even the lawyers which he had employed to defend the action which was brought against him in the courts, were not allowed to serve him on the order of the Empress herself, and the case was never permitted to come to trial.

To show the complete innocence of Paul Jones of this infamous charge, it is only necessary to read the statement of the Count de Segur as appears in his "Recollections," which was published in Paris in 1834, the literal translation being as follows:—

"Without loss of time I visited Admiral Jones and said, "Give me all the papers, and resume your composure; let me undertake the management of the case. You shall see me soon again." As soon as I arrived at the Embassy, I summoned the sharpest and most wary of my own corps of secret agents, who were devoted to me personally and the service of our King, and directed them first to establish the identity of the females concerned in the plot, the progress and denouement of which I fully explained to them, and to bring me exact information as to the mode of life of these females. They were not long in learning that the old woman was a

procuress, who carried on a special traffic in the bodies of young girls for the benefit of certain particularly depraved and debauched courtiers, and that she was in the habit of passing these poor young creatures off as her "daughters."

"This was so far so good; but now I told my secret agents that I must know the courtiers for whose lechery the old woman procured the poor little girls. In a couple of days they brought me a list, not of names—which would, of course, have meant nothing because they were necessarily false names—but of such close, accurate, and unmistakable descriptions of person, walk, attire, etc., with accounts of tracing them to their proper habitations; in short, complete reports, such as the secret agents of great embassies are trained to make on peril of their lives if they fail or deceive.

"Putting what they reported with what I knew, I found no difficulty in locating one of the miscreants as that grand Chevalier d'industrie the soi-disant petit prince de l'Allemand, Nassau-Siegen; another as young Zouboff; another as a nephew of Besdorodko himself; with yet others of less note.

"To this damning chapter but one page remained to be added. That was a confession of the women themselves. Having now completed my evidence in perfect chain, I waited on the Count Besbordoke and without going into detail, warned him that I had unearthed a conspiracy which, if sustained or even ignored by the court,

would, as far as I could make it so, leave France unrepresented at St. Petersburg.

"The dull old man for once was startled and he eagerly asked me for particulars. I responded that the particulars were of such a nature that I could lay them before only two persons in the world—the Empress of All the Russias and the King of France and Navarre. I also intimated to him that they concerned a member of his own family.

"Besborodke now begged, but I remained calm and informed him that the next day but one I should request audience of Her Majesty on affairs personal to the King of France; and that, if the Empress should so will, I would not object to his presence at the audience. The old man was nearly convulsed, but he was not present at the audience."

The interview which took place between the Empress and the Count de Segur was most heated, all diplomacy being thrown aside. The Count de Segur told Catherine plainly that it was not a personal matter with Admiral Jones, but it involved both their countries and also the United States. In stern words he told the Empress that not only the king of France recommended Admiral Jones to her, but also that Thomas Jefferson, the American Minister at the court of France, had recommended Jones to her services. That the king of France was, therefore, sponsor for Admiral Jones not only as an officer of merit, but as a gentleman, as the Order

of Knighthood had been conferred upon him by France as a token that he was, "without fear and without reproach."

These words coming from the Count de Segur were most formidable to the Empress, no one at her court exercising such power as de Segur, not only for the reason that he represented a country upon which the Empress must rely in case of future trouble, but also that he was the most adroit and forcible diplomat in all Europe. The Empress readily agreed with all that was said by de Segur and promised to comply with his demands, that Paul Jones would be at once restored to favor, and all those who were responsible for the infamous plot would be dismissed from her services, never again to appear at her court. However, no one saw plainer than de Segur that she did not mean one word of it, as was afterwards proved.

She promised to dismiss at once the infamous Nassau-Siegen, stating that if he were a Russian, instead of a prince of a German house, that she would at once send him to Siberia, but that under the circumstances it was impossible for her to do so. In fact, the Empress herself was of German birth and the Prince Nassau-Siegen was related to the royal house of one of the small principalities in Germany, making him a very distant relation of the Empress, and upon this relationship he had built his influence with her. The Empress stated to de Segur that she had already given to Nassau-Siegen a small es-

tate and that she would at once command him to retire to his estate and would forbid him to ever appear at court again.

To understand the falseness of the Empress in this matter, it is only necessary to say that later, in the year 1780, she gave Nassau-Siegen an individual naval command, which command he discharged with his usual cowardice, deserting his ship upon the approach of the enemy, and in consequence the enemy destroyed every vestige of his squadron and annihilated the helpless crews almost to a man.

However, de Segur was successful in having the stigma of the charge removed from Paul Jones, as far as it was possible for the Empress to do so, and, later on his return to Paris, de Segur saw that both in England and in France that this great calumny of a truly good man was entirely obliterated.

However, the Empress refused to withdraw the leave of absence she had given Paul Jones, or to rescind her order that he must leave Russia at once, which he accordingly did, arriving in Paris on May 20, 1790, and, with his arrival in Paris begins the last days of this remarkable man.

CHAPTER II.

He at once established a small home, taking a residence in one of the small aristocratic streets of Paris. His devoted friend, Aimee de Telison, was his constant visitor, helping him whenever possible. For almost fourteen years this charming woman, who was the love-child of a King of France, had been a devoted friend and counselor of Paul Jones, but it can be truly said to the credit of both of them, that in all their relations and their correspondence there is not one word indicating anything but platonic friendship between a most talented woman and a gentleman.

As Paul Jones arrived in Paris in bad health, although somewhat improved since he left Russia, immediately on his arrival, upon the insistance of Aimee de Telison, he was placed under the care of physicians, the doctors deciding that his left lung was permanently affected, but that he might live for many years.

In the following two years Paul Jones did no active service, but became a deeply interested spectator of the Revolution, which was then in full force. Although, among the most devoted friends of Paul Jones were Lafeyette, Mirabeau, Bertrand Barere, then manager of one of the leading daily papers in Paris and Malesherbes, his loyalty and devotion to the King never faltered. There was no concealment of his feelings, but he openly expressed his hopes for the success of the monarchy, and openly stated that he believed that the only hope of France was in maintaining the monarchy, as France could not govern herself.

Paul Jones had many debates with the leaders of the Revolution, but he never faltered in his devotion to the King, doing all in his power to assist him. He was often criticised for taking this attitude as he had fought for the freedom of America, and now opposed such freedom in France, but Jones stated that there were vastly different conditions governing the two countries and the people of same. That Paul Jones believed in a Constitutional Monarchy for France is no doubt, and that he was willing to lay down his life, if necessary, in the defense of Louis XVI, there is also no doubt.

His great faith in the King was never shaken until February 28, 1791, when at the Tuileries, the National Guard demanded that the assembled notables be disarmed, and the King agreed to have it done. It was then for the first time that Paul Jones felt his faith in the King shaken. He plainly saw that on that day began

the fall of the monarchy.

In his Journal of 1791, Paul Jones states as follows:

"Up to this time I had been able to find reasons for the King's gentleness, but this was not gentle. It was weak. From that hour I pitied the poor man, beset by situations to which nature had made him unequal. Then or never was the time for grape-shot. Then, and then only, did my heart turn against the populace. For once I wished I might be in command of the thirty cannon that were parked in the courtyard, with trained men standing ready to work them. Some slaughter would have been necessary, but it would have been a slaughter of criminals."

On his return from the southern part of France, he forwarded Catherine his resignation as a Vice-Admiral in the Russian Navy, but to the very last hoped that she would not accept it.

It seems strange that Paul Jones, one of the bravest men who ever lived and admitted by all not to have even known what was fear, to have allowed himself to be treated by Catherine, Potemkin, and Nassan-Siegen as he did and never even resented it. It is unbelievable that a man of the character of Paul Jones, who had faced death so many times, whose iron will was so great that when his greatest naval victory seemed in doubt, he lashed his ship to the enemy's that they might sink beneath the waves together, and yet that this man would allow the

cowardly poltroon Nassau-Siegen and Potemkin to ruin his career as an officer in the Russian Nevy and stain his honor upon the charge of a harlot.

The only explanation is that he could never be made to believe that it was not the English diplomats, the English officers, and the English soldiers who were the real culprits. However, to Paul Jones' great astonishment when he visited England shortly before his death, he was everywhere received with honor and with the greatest cordiality by the English people of every class. One would think that this would have disillusioned him of any desire of ever again having any connection with Catherine or the Russian Navy, but even after his resignation had been accepted by Catherine, to the day of his death, he repeatedly wrote Catherine and begged to again enter her service.

There are many things that in private life of Paul Jones which will never be known, as he was most prudent in all his private affairs and especially in his correspondence with women. What really transpired between Catherine and Paul Jones is only a matter of conjecture, as both were masters in affairs of the heart. That it was jealousy that caused his many troubles in Russia is not doubted, but how far or how high this jealousy extended, can only be surmised.

The great admiration that Catherine felt for Jones when she first met him is shown not only

in her letters, which plainly show her infatuation, but this infatuation is also shown by her determination to keep Paul Jones in her service as long as possible, even over the objections of Prince Potemkin, and every other influence that could be brought to bear upon her.

As Paul Jones was as chivalric as he was brave, possessed by nature of a most attractive face and figure, and a great charm of manner, it is therefore more than probable the amorous Catherine was greatly attracted to him.

What caused her sudden change of feeling toward him is a matter of conjecture.

Among the uncovered letters and diaries of Catherine in the archives of the palace at Gatchina, were found documents recalling the secret love affair of Paul Jones with Princess Kourakina, a beautiful lady-in-waiting at the Imperial Court.

The jealous Empress did everything in her power to break up this affair, or, rather, marriage, probably under the Scotish law which requires only witnesses to same.

The Russian historians have traced the descent of the little love child down to the present day and have identified Helmy Weisserich of Reval, Esthonia, as the only living descendant of John Paul Jones.

Up to the present time it has been impossible to definitely establish that this girl is a descendent of Paul Jones, but there are many things to make it entirely probable.

At the time of the death of Paul Jones, the only members of his immediate family living, were his two sisters, Mrs. Loudon and Mrs. Taylor, both of whom were living in the United States at the time of the American Revolution, but Mr. Taylor, who was the husband of Paul Jones' sister, Janet, returned with his family to Scotland soon after the outbreak of the war. The Admiral divided his property equally between these two sisters, while he orally bequeathed to Richard Dale, the jeweled sword that had been given him by the King of France. This sword is now in possession of a descendant of Richard Dale, who resides in Philadelphia.

Not until June, 1831, did the United States pay the slightest honor to the memory of Paul Jones, but on June 13th of that year, William P. Taylor, a nephew of Paul Jones, was appointed midshipman in the United States Navy, he dying in the service on December 14, 1835. On June 30, 1834, Congress authorized that a frigate be named, "John Paul Jones" but it was never done. These were the only two honors that were paid to the founder of our Navy by our government for 113 years.

In 1831, Lieut. A. Pinkham of the United States Navy, while traveling in Scotland, visited the birth place of Paul Jones and had the house in which he was born restored at his own expense. Miss Janet Taylor, niece of Paul Jones, in appreciation of same, gave to Lieut. Pinkham the miniature which is now in the United States

Naval Academy.

With the exception of the claim of the girl, Helmy Weisserich, Paul Jones left probably no descendants. It was claimed for a number of years that he also left a child by Aimee de Telison, but this has been disapproved.

The very life of Paul Jones has given rise to much romance, Cooper, Dumas and Cunningham having celebrated him in their novels, while many sketches of him and also poetry have been written by his admirers. As for the Empress Catherine, she was one of the most remarkable women in all history, making Russia one of the most powerful nations of Europe and governing her country with the greatest ability. Under her rule Russia advanced more than it had done in the past centuries and there was not a monarch in all Europe who did not fear her and wish to secure her friendship, but in the capital and at her court in her own circle, there reigned the greatest immorality, which Catherine encouraged by her example. Mr. Carlyle called her a "female Louis Quatorze" and she fully justified the comparison by her disregard of all virtuous restraint. One favorite was dismissed after another, only Potemkin never losing his influence over her.

What took place when Catherine and Paul Jones met, can only be surmised. It is certain that Paul Jones remained her devoted admirer until his death, never losing faith in her.

CHAPTER III.

Admiral Jones was in England when the death of Mirabeau was announced in the papers, being in April, 1791. He at once wrote to Lord Wemyss, and a few extracts are given below from his letter simply to show the intense loyalty of Paul Jones to the King, even when he knew that the monarchy was doomed and that his own future was imperiled. In this letter to Lord Wemyss, among the other things he stated:—

"Louis XV said, 'After me, the deluge.' It might, with more truth, have been said by Mirabeau. While he lived that strange concourse of evil spiritus, the Assembly, had a master. Now that he is gone the animals are without a keeper. I have never seen or read of a man capable of such mastery over the passions and the follies of such a mob. There is no one to take the place of Mirabeau."

And again concerning Lafayette, he stated: "Lafayette cannot long restrain the sinister forces that are at work. Frankly, I must say, my

friend, that Lafayette is not equal to his task. He is brave and chivalrous, but he has not the heart or brain needed in this crisis." I have conversed with him many times on these subjects." He closed this remarkable letter as follows:

"But the King is too good-hearted and Lafayette is not equal to the destiny of his time. It is a sad subject. I cannot meditate upon it without anguish. With Marabeau gone and no one to replace him, there is nothing to do but await in silence the approach of the bitter end."

In June, 1792, Admiral Paul Jones was offered the appointment as United States Commissioner to treat with the Bey of Algiers for the release of captive Americans, being in conformity with Act of Congress, May 8, 1792, but he did not accept this appointment as by this time the new regime in France had taken charge and Paul Jones had been agreed upon as the Admiral of the Navy of France. His appointment for this great office was prevented by his death, which took place in Paris at his residence, No. 42 Rue de Tournon on July 18, 1892 (old style calendar).

The days immediately preceding his death, have been most graphically described by Capelle, and the last public appearance of Paul Jones on July 11, 1792, just a week before his death. It was on this day he attended the session of the Assembly and was honored with the privilege of the floor during the debate upon the universal armament of France by sea and land.

Immediately after the session ended the Admiral attended a supper in his honor, which included some of the most notable men in France, the object of this supper being to present Jones as a candidate for Admiral of the French Navy.

In describing this grand affair, Capelle stated as follows:

At this, which proved to be his last supper, all were delighted with the apparent mending of the Chevalier's health. Barere and Philippe were particularly cheered by his showing of strength and recuperating energy. They toasted him as the coming admiral of France, but he parried all their compliments politely and finally said:

"Gentlemen, pardon me, but let me say that this is no time for jest or raillery, no matter how well meant or how gentle. You all know my sentiments. I do not approve, I cannot in conscience approve, all that you have done, are doing, and, alas, intend yet to do, but I feel that I ought to take advantage of this—perhaps my last—opportunity to define clearly my attitude.

"Whatever you do now, France does. If you kill my good friend, the King, France kills him; because, as things are now ordered, the group of which a great majority is present here, is France. Louis XVI once said: 'I am the State.' You can say that you are the State with more truth.

"My relations with the people across the Channel are known to all. Their enemies must be my friends everywhere; those whom they hate, I must love. As all here know, as all France knows, the progress of the French people toward liberty, and the promise that progress gives of new strength and new might to the French nation, fill the rulers of England with alarm and resentment. The day when this alarm will turn to hostility and this resentment be expressed by blows is not far off.

"When that day comes, if I am able to stand a deck, I shall make no point of rank. I shall raise no question of political opinion. I shall only ask France to tell me how I can best serve her cause.

"You have brought back to my ears the sound of many voices giving forth the lusty cheers of courage in combat. Some of those faces were of the American mould; but more were faces of Frenchmen. Some of those voices sounded in my native tongue, but more in the language of France. The Richard's crew was, as you know, considerably more than half Frenchmen.

"I cannot be immodest enough to say that I found it easy to teach them the art of conquering Englishmen. But I trust you will not think me vain-glorious if I say that, in that combat, I at least did what, unfortunately some French officers have not of late years done—I simply let my Frenchmen fight their battle out.

"Now I promise you that, if I live, in whatsoever station France may call me to lead her sons, I shall always, as I have done, when meeting the English or any other foe, let my Frenchmen fight their battle out.

"Citizens, we have to-day heard from the lips of the President of your Assembly the solemn warning, 'Our country is in danger!' That admonition has come none too soon. Already the hosts of oppression are gathering upon your frontier. It is not the wish of those who wear the crowns of Europe that France shall be free. Not long ago another country was in danger. Its people wished to be free, and though it was a land far across the sea the hosts of despotism found it out and descended upon it.

They were the hosts of a king, and some of them he hired like working oxen from other kings.

"The struggle was long. For almost eight years the sound of cannon, the glare of the torch, and the wailing of widows and orphans filled that land. Truly it was in danger. But all that is past now—and why? Because France, brave, chivalric France, alone of all nations in the world, interposed her mighty arm to help the weak stay from its smiting the hand of the oppressor.

"I have no title to speak for that country. But I can speak for one citizen of it. Count me with you. Enroll me in those hosts of deliverance upon whom the Assembly to-day called to rise en masse in defence of their lives, their liberties, and those whom they love. I am, as

you see, in feeble health. Would that I were strong as when I long ago brought to France the news of Liberty's first great victory in the New World.

"But ill as I am, there is yet something left of the man-not the admiral, not the chevalier —but the plain, simple man whom it delights me to hear you call "Paul Jones," without any rank but that of fellowship, and without any title but that of comrade. So now I say to you that whatever is left of that man, be it never so faint or feeble, will be laid, if necessary, upon the altar of French Liberty, as cheerfully as a child lies down to pleasant dreams! friends, I would love to pursue this theme, but, as you see, my voice is failing and my lower limbs become swollen when I stand up too long. At any rate I have said enough. I am now ready to act whenever and wheresoever bidden by the voice of France."

Paul Jones' devoted secretary, Benoit Andre in memoire of Paul Jones, published by him in 1798, says:—

The day after the Admiral had been at the supper of the Cafe Timon he did not rise until nearly noon. His lower limbs began to swell prodigiously, his stomach soon began to expand, and he had much difficulty at times in breathing; all the time afflicted with an exhausting cough, and much raising of mucus. It was clear to everyone except himself that his end was near. During these few days his friends came

to see him in legions; the American Minister, the Hon. Gouveneur Morris, Cambon, Carnot, Barere, Lacoste, Colonel Blackden, Major Beaupoil, Lafayette, and, once, the Duke of Orleans. The King, perplexed as he was, found time to send a cheerful message. But of all devotion, that of Mme de Telison was the most profound. With the prescience of a woman she seemed to see what neither the Admiral himself nor his male friends would perceive, that his dissolution was at hand.

The weather being very warm, Mme. de Telison caused to be rigged in the garden of the Admiral's lodgings, No. 42 Tournon Street, a genuine sailor's hammock, swung low to the ground with long cords stretching clear across the little garden. In this hammock the Admiral would pass the afternoon when the sun had retired behind the shade of the houses opposite; and Mme de Telison would sit by him, gently moving the hammock. In this way the stricken hero found some relief from the pains that devoured him.

But it could not last, He was doomed. Not the attention of his myriad of friends, not even the devoted nursing of the petite woman with the red-golden hair, could save him! Even on the day he died, and while he was waiting for the notaries to come and take his will, he went out a little after noon and swung in his hammock for more than an hour in the early afternoon.

CHAPTER IV.

During these few days the Admiral alone was cheerful. His friends could only pretend to be so. All but he saw the approach of death. Gourgeaud, who came every day, said nothing, but looked more than could be spoken. One day, it was the Sunday before he died-only four days—the Admiral rallied. The swelling of his limbs seemed to disappear. His throat became clear once more, and his voice almost resumed its wonted volume and melody. That afternoon his Excellency the American Minister came and stayed a long time. This gentleman, the Hon. Gouverneur Morris, was much attached to the Admiral, and the Admiral fully reciprocated the sentiments of the Minister. On this occasion several ladies were present. The Admiral sat up in his sailor's hammock and bandied badinage with all. When Mr. Morris indicated a wish to speak with him privately for a moment, he bounded out of the hammock like a deer and walked briskly to the end of the garden where was a little rustic bench on which he

and Mr. Morris sat for a considerable time, talking earnestly, though in undertones, with much apparent vigor and some gesticulation. At the end of this colloquy Mr. Morris took his leave and Mme. de Telison, M. Cambon, and the other visitors accompanied him. Very soon afterward the Admiral retired to his apartments, quite exhausted.

It has been learned that the subject upon which the Admiral and the Minister conversed in their private interview had reference to the relations between the United States and the Barbary Powers: and that the Minister informally told the Admiral that Mr. Pinckney, who will soon arrive in Europe as American Minister at the Court of St. James, would bring with him a commission authorizing the Admiral to open negotiations with the Bey of Algiers for the release of the Christians then held in slavery there; also that a suitable force would be placed at his disposal to make his mission effective. However, this commission never reached him. Mr. Pinckney, who bore it as a confidential document, did not arrive in Europe until after the death of the Admiral. But it could have made no difference. At that moment, had fate decreed to him a little longer life, he was, or would have been, destined to command the fleet of republican France.

The animated argument he held with Mr. Morris, the Sunday before he died, related to this question. He took Mr. Morris into his con-

fidence, and told him that if health should once more shine upon him he would not need such an armament as the United States, in its poverty, could place at his command; but that he would be enabled to draw once more the sword that Louis had given him for victory in the cause of American freedom, in behalf of the liberty and the glory of France. And by that token, he told Mr. Morris he would answer for the end of all other slavery.

Shortly before his death on the afternoon of July 18, 1792, Paul Jones dictated his will and about two hours later when Mme. Arbergne entered his room to clear his table she found him laying half across the bed, his feet trailing on the floor—dead.

His immediate death was probably brought on by convulsive coughing and overcome by exhaustion he had endeavored to pass from his chair to his couch, but death came almost instantly to him. He died at the age of forty-five, unmarried and practically alone, and he died as he had lived, always struggling but never overcome until death was his foe.

The next day, July 19th, when the General Assembly was informed that Paul Jones was dead, they immediately appointed a committee of twelve of its members to attend the funeral.

When the announcement of his death was made, many of the members were in favor of having him buried in the Pantheon. However, owing to the attitude taken by Gouverneur Mor-

ris, who was then Minister to France from this country, only a few persons attended the burial which took place July 20, 1792, in the cemetery for Foreign Protestants, known as the St. Louis cemetery.

Had it not been for the generosity of one of the members of the Assembly, M. Simonneau, Paul Jones, the founder of the American Navy, a man who had received almost every honor that the world could bestow, would have been buried as a pauper at public expense.

America, in fact, the entire world, owes a debt of gratitude to M. Simonneau who by his generosity prevented the last and greatest humiliation in the tragic career of John Paul Jones.

The announcement of the death of Paul Jones to the National Assembly on July 19, 1792, being the day following his death, was as follows:—

A letter was read from Colonel Blackden, a friend of Commodore Paul Jones, which announced that his friend having died in Paris, application was made to M. Simonneau, Commissary of the section, to have him buried without charge in accordance with a formality still existing in regard to Protestants. M. Simonneau was indignant and replied that if the expenses were not provided he would pay them himself. (Applause).

In contrast to the noble sentiments of M. Simonneau was the sentiment expressed by

Gouverneur Morris, who not only was a close friend of Paul Jones but directed the drawing of his will and the schedule of his property. In a letter of Gouverneur Morris, dated February 19, 1793, he states as follows:—

"Before I quit Paul Jones I must tell you that some people here who like rare shows wished him to have a pompous funeral, and I was applied to on the subject; but as I had no right to spend money on such follies, either the money of his heirs or that of the United States, I desired that he might be buried in a private and economical manner. I have since had reason to be glad that I did not agree to waste money, of which he had no great abundance and for which his relatives entertained a tender regard."

CHAPTER V.

It is almost impossible to believe that a man who had occupied such a prominent position during his life in four of the greatest countries on earth, would within a few days after his death be entirely forgotten, especially by America, for which country he had done so much.

The cemetery in which Paul Jones had been buried, being in the poorer section of Paris, received no care and soon became a cess pool both for men and animals. In the course of time cheap buildings were erected over the graves, or rather trenches, as three or four coffins were placed one on top another in trenches, there being no separate graves. As time passed, all evidence of what once was a cemetery ceased to exist and the grave of John Paul Jones not only was forgotten but lost to the world for 113 years.

In 1845, Col. Sherbourne requested permission of Hon. George Bancroft, who was the Secretary of Navy, to bring the remains of Paul Jones to the United States in a man-of-war which was returning from the Mediterranean.

but no reply was given to his request by the Secretary of Navy. However, on January 30, 1851, Capt. Josua A. Sands was ordered to transport Jones' remains to New York, and the Navy Department informed Col. Sherbourne of the order given to Capt. Sands.

There was a short delay in carrying out this order, due to objections taken by the legal representative of Jones' heirs in Scotland to prevent removal of the remains which, however, was soon settled to the satisfaction of all parties.

On July 14, 1851 the Secretary of Navy, Hon. William A. Graham, was informed by Col. Sherbourne that the Protestant cemetery in the rear of the Hotel Deau, where John Paul Jones was supposed to be buried, was sold and all bones removed to catacombs, and, thereupon nothing further was done in the matter for almost fifty-four years when, on February 9, 1905, Gen. Horace Porter, United States ambassador to France, announced he had located the burial place of John Paul Jones.

On February 14, of the same year, President Roosevelt transmitted Gen. Porter's report to Congress and recommended an appropriation of \$35,000.00 to defray expenses, but the appropriation was not made.

On April 14, 1905, Ambassador Porter cabled to Washington that the body of John Paul Jones had been found and identified by French scientists.

On June 18, 1905 a squadron under the command of Rear-Admiral C. O. Sigsbee, sailed for France to bring John Paul Jones' body to the United States. On July 6th of the same year the body of John Paul Jones was delivered by Ambassador Porter to Rear-Admiral Sigsbee in Paris with appropriate ceremonies, and on July 8, 1905, the United States squadron sailed from Cherbourg for the United States.

On July 24, 1905, the body of Paul Jones was placed in the Naval Academy at Annapolis with religious and military ceremonies, at which ceremonies, the President of the United States, the French Ambassador and Gen. Porter made addresses.

The 24th of April, 1906 was selected for the commemorative exercises in honor of John Paul Jones by President Roosevelt, it being the anniversary of Jones' capture of the British ship of war DRAKE in 1778.

The Secretary of the Navy, Hon. John J. Bonaparte, had entire charge of the inviting of the notables to be present at the ceremony, most elaborate invitations being sent out by him.

Invitations were sent to the President, the ambassador and embassy of France, the principal officers of the Government, including the legislative, executive and judicial branches of same, especial prominence being given to the officials of the Navy and the Army. The governors of all the states, the militia, together with the most

distinguished men and women of America and patriotic societies were invited.

The audience was composed of representatives of the Senate, the House, the Cabinet, and every branch of the Government.

The President, with the speakers of the day, on entering the Armory at which the services were held, the audience rose and sang, "The Star Spangled Banner."

The President spoke for thirty minutes and was followed by the address of Ambassador Jusserand of France, who was followed by Gen. Horace Porter, parts of these addresses being given in the following pages.

There has been no event in our history attended with more pomp, magnificence and patriotic fervor than was the ceremonies honoring the memory of the founder of the American Navy, whose memory had been so long neglected.

The greatest credit is due to Gen. Porter for his tireless work in locating the body of Paul Jones and having same identified, the identification being comparatively easy as the body was found in a most excellent state of preservation, having been buried in a lead coffin with all proper precautions taken for its preservation. In fact, the flesh was found intact and the organs of the body in comparatively perfect state of preservation. To further assure the identification of the body, an autopsy was held on same, which probably was the first and only autopsy ever held on a body after it had been buried for 113 years.

There has never been a man in public life who did as many brave and generous deeds as Paul Jones, and who has been as much vilified, but it must be remembered that in almost every step that he took in life, from the time when a boy of twelve years he left his home in Scotland, was a fight to overcome obstacles. When almost a boy he was given most responsible commands, incurring everywhere envy and jealousy, and owing to his unsuspecting nature, being generous and kind to everyone, he left himself subject to the attacks of such persons.

Greater even than the infidelity of the Empress Catherine and the officials of the Russian Navy, was the infidelity and cowardice of Capt. Pierre Landais, who commanded the "Aliance" and who deliberately turned his guns upon the "Bon Homme Richard," cowardly deserting his commander, Admiral Jones, and doing almost as much damage to his ship as done by the "Serapis."

It is only proper that every boy and girl should be taught in our schools the life of John Paul Jones, a boy who arose from poverty and obscurity to the highest pinnacle of fame by tireless energy, loyalty and fidelity.

The life of everyone, however humble, teaches a lesson.

The life of John Paul Jones teaches a lesson of LOYALTY, the greatest of all virtues. His loyalty was greater than his bravery or his naval genius, it being the most prominent trait

in his character and can be seen in almost every step in his life.

It was his loyalty to the man who first helped him in America, obtaining for him a position in the American Navy, that induced John Paul to take the name of his benefactor, Jones; and, his loyalty to this friend and relation never ceased even to his death, his portrait being upon the walls of the room in which he died.

His loyalty to the Empress Catherine in whose Navy he rendered such great service, extended until his death, in spite of her treatment, which hastened his death; and, his loyalty to the King of France remained steadfast in face of every danger.

It was his personal devotion to the King, and not his belief in any form of monarchy, that made him the defender of the King to his last days.

There is not a single instance in which Paul Jones ever deserted a friend, or his loyalty was ever even questioned.

There is nothing that the world admires more than bravery and loyalty, and all this was found in the life and struggles of John Paul Jones, who made himself one of the most illustrious men in history, by his genius, his bravery and his loyalty.



ADDRESS OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AT ANNAPOLIS, APRIL 24, 1906.

On behalf of the American people I wish to thank our ancient ally, the great French nation, that proud and gallant nation to whose help we once owed it that John Paul Jones was able to win for the Stars and Stripes the victory that has given him deathless fame, and to whose courtesy we now owe it that the body of the long-dead hero has been sent hither, and that to commemorate the reception of the illustrious dead a squadron of French war ships has come to our shores.

The annals of the French navy are filled with the names of brave and able seamen, each of whom courted death as a mistress when the honor of his flag was at stake; and among the figures of these brave men there loom the larger shapes of those who, like Tourville, Duquesne, and the Bailli de Suffren, won high renown as fleet admirals, inferior to none of any navy of their day in martial prowess.

In addition to welcoming the diplomatic and

official representatives of France here present, let me also express my heartiest acknowledgments to our former ambassador to Paris, Gen. Horace Porter, to whose zealous devotion we particularly owe it that the body of John Paul Jones has been brought to our shores.

When the body was thus brought over the representatives of many different cities wrote to me, each asking that it should find its last resting place in his city. But I feel that the place of all others in which the memory of the dead hero will most surely be a living force is here in Annapolis, where year by year we turn out the midshipmen who are to officer in the future the Navy, among whose founders the dead man stands first. Moreover, the future naval officers, who live within these walls, will find in the career of the man whose life we this day celebrate, not merely a subject for admiration and respect, but an object lesson to be taken into their innermost hearts. Every officer in our Navy should know by heart the deeds of John Paul Jones. Every officer in our Navy should feel in each fiber of his being an eager desire to emulate the energy, the professional capacity, the indomitable determination and dauntless scorn death which marked John Paul Jones above all his fellows.

The history of our Navy, like the history of our nation, extends over a period of only a century and a quarter; yet we already have many memories of pride to thrill us as we read and

hear of what has been done by our fighting men of the sea, from Perry and Macdonough to Farragut and Dewey. These memories include brilliant victories, and also, now and then, defeats only less honorable than the victories themselves; but the only defeats to which this praise can be given are those where, against heavy odds, men have stood to the death in hopeless battle. It is well for every American officer to remember that while a surrender may or may not be defensible, the man who refuses to surrender need never make a defense. The one fact must always be explained; the other needs no explanation. Moreover, he who would win glory and honor for the nation and for himself, must not too closely count the odds; if he does, he will never see such a day as that when Cushing sank the Albemarle.

In his fight with the Serapis Jones's ship was so badly mauled that his opponent hailed him, saying "Has your ship struck?" to which Jones answered, "I have not yet begun to fight." The spirit which inspired that answer upbore the man who gave it and the crew who served under him through the fury of the battle, which finally ended in their triumph. It was the same spirit which marked the commanders of the Cumberland and the Congress, when they met an equally glorious though less fortunate fate. The Cumberland sank, her flag flying, and her guns firing with the decks awash, while, when summoned to surrender, Morris replied, "Never! I'll

sink alongside!" and made his words good. Immediately after the Cumberland was sunk the Congress was attacked, and her commander, Lieut. Joe Smith, was killed. After fighting until she was helpless, and being unable to bring her guns to bear, the ship was surrendered; but when Smith's father, old Commodore Joe Smith, who was on duty at Washington, saw by the dispatches from Fort Monroe that the Congress had hoisted the white flag, he said quietly, "Then Joe's dead!" Surely no father could wish to feel a prouder certainty of his boy's behavior than the old commodore showed he possesed when he thus spoke; and no naval officer could hope to win a finer epitaph.

We have met to-day to do honor to the mighty dead. Remember that our words of admiration are but as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals if we do not by steady preparation and by the cultivation of soul and mind and body fit ourselves so that in time of need we shall be prepared to emulate their deeds. Let every midshipman who passes through this institution remember, as he looks upon the tomb of John Paul Jones, that while no courage can atone for the lack of that efficiency which comes only through careful preparation in advance, through careful training of the men, and careful fitting out of the engines of war, yet that none of these things can avail unless in the moment of crises the heart rises level with the crises. The navy whose captains will not surrender is sure in the

long run to whip the navy whose captains will surrender, unless the inequality of skill or force is prodigious. The courage which never yields can not take the place of the possession of good ships and good weapons and the ability skillfully to use these ships and these weapons.

I wish that our people as a whole, and especially those among us who occupy high legislative or administrative positions, would study the history of our nation, not merely for the purpose of national selfgratification, but with the desire to learn the lessons that history teaches. Let the men who talk lightly about its being unnecessary for us now to have an army and navy adequate for the work of this nation in the world remember that such utterances are not merely foolish, for in their efforts they may at any time be fraught with disaster and disgrace to the nation's honor as well as disadvantage to its interest. Let them take to heart some of the lessons which should be learned by the study of the War of 1812.

As a people we are too apt to remember only that some of our ships did well in that war. We had a few ships—a very few ships—and they did so well as to show the utter folly of not having enough of them. Thanks to our folly as a nation, thanks to the folly that found expression in the views of those at the seat of government, not a ship of any importance had been built within a dozen years before the war began, and the Navy was so small that, when once the war

was on, our opponents were able to establish a close blockade throughout the length of our coast, so that not a ship could go from one port to another, and all traffic had to go by land. Our parsimoney in not preparing an adequate navy (which would have prevented the war) cost in the end literally thousands of dollars for every one dollar we thus foolishly saved. After two years of that war an utterly inconsiderable British force of about four thousand men was landed here in the bay, defeated with ease a larger body of raw troops put against it, and took Washington.

I am sorry to say that those of our countrymen who now speak of the deed usually confine themselves to denowncing the British for having burned certain buildings in Washington. They had better spare their breath. The sin of the invaders in burning the buildings is trival compared with the sin of our own people in failing to make ready an adequate force to defeat the attempt. This nation was guilty of such shortsightedness, of such folly, of such lack of preparation that it was forced supinely to submit to the insult and was impotent to avenge it; and it was only the good fortune of having in Andrew Jackson a great natural soldier that prevented a repetition of the disaster at New Let us remember our own short-Orleans. comings, and see to it that the men in public life to-day are not permitted to bring about a state of things by which we should in effect invite a repitition of such a humiliation.

EXTRACT FROM THE ADDRESS OF GENERAL PORTER AT ANNAPOLIS.

Paul Jones never sailed in a man-of-war whose quarter-deck was worthy of being trodden by his feet. His battles were won not by his ships, but by his genius. Employing the feeble vessels given him or which he himself procured, he sailed forth boldly to strike the enemies of his country's liberty wherever he could find them and paused not till he dipped the fringes of his banners in the home waters of the mistress of the seas. He captured some sixty vessels from the foremost of naval powers, made four bold descents upon the land, seized large quantities of arm and military stores, destroyed more than a million dollars' worth of property on the sea, and took hundreds of prisioners whose capture was used to force and exchange and release our men, who were being slowly tortured to death in the loathsome, pestilential prison hulks in Brooklyn. Congress afterwards thanked him by resolution for "his bold and successful enterprises to redeem from captivity the

citizens of these States who had fallen under the power of the enemy."

He was the very personification of valor. He ranked courage as the manliest of human attributes. He loved brave men; he loathed cowards. He believed that there was scarcely a sin for which courage could not atone. He showed this trait in all the aphorisms he uttered, such as: "Boldness, not caution, wins"; "Men mean more than guns in the rating of ships"; "I am not calculating risks, but estimating the chances of success"; "The sources of success are quick resolve and swift stroke"; "Bravery is that cheerful kind of spirit that makes a man unable to believe that there is any such word as 'danger' in the dictionary, or, if so, not able to see why it should be there."

As long as manly courage is talked of or heroic deeds are honored there will remain green in the hearts of brave men the talismanic name of Paul Jones.

He was as generous as the sun itself. For a long time he bore all his personal expenses and abstained from presenting demands for pay to our poverty-striken Government. When, in foreign seas, he found that the Government regulations did not authorize the pay the handbills of overzealous recruiting officers had promised to his sailors, he paid the difference out of his own pocket, so that his gallant crew should not feel that they were victims of a deception.

For one who lived in an age of loose morals

and spent his youthful years amidst the temptations which then beset a seafaring man in the merchant service, he was singularly free from every form of dissipation. He had no fondness for revelry, jolly coffee-house dinners, or drinking bouts, which formed the principal amusements in foreign ports. While others were carousing ashore he was studying in his cabin, perfecting himself in history and languages, pondering upon the maneuvering of ships and the grand strategy of naval warfare, and paving the way for his future victories, which were first won with the brain, then with the sword.

Among his closest friends and most ardent admires were Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, La Fayette, Hamilton, Wayne, Livingston, the two Morrises, and other eminent Americans. Not bad companionship for a "pirate."

While his heart was not often attuned to mirth; its chords were frequently set to strains of sadness. For years he was engaged in a struggle against insubordination, treachery, jeal-ousy, neglect at home, and abuse abroad. The people against whom he fought opened their floodgates of calumny. No misrepresentation of his acts were too gross, no distortion of history too monstrous. These well-concerted attacks of the pen were intended to set him before the Old World in an aspect that was a vicious caricature of his true nature, and they even gave so erroneous an impression of him in this country that it has required a century of time to correct it.

He had to learn that "Reproach is a concomitant to greatness, as satire and invectice were an essential part of a Roman triumph," and that in public life all arrows wound, the last one kills. He lived to realize that success is like sunshine, it brings out the vipers, and that the laural is a narcotic that prevents others from sleeping.

Worn out with the fatigues of arduous service, at the untimely age of 45, alone in a foreign land, he surrendered to death, the only foe to whom he ever lowered his colors. By some strange and unaccountable fatality he was covered immediately with the mantle of forgetfulness. In all the annals of history there is not another case in which death has caused the memory of so conspicuous a man to drop at once from the height of prominence to the depth of oblivion.

He had been counted as one of the rarest contributions to earth's contingent of master spirits. He enjoyed the unique distinction of being the first to hoist the present form of our flag upon an American man-of-war, the first to receive a salute to it from a foreign power, the first to raise it upon a hostile war ship of superior strength captured in battle, and upder his command that banner was never once dethroned from its proud supremacy. He is the only commander in history who ever landed an American force upon a European coast.

Congress complimented him by a resolution,

voted him a medal to commemorate his greatest victory, and awarded him the privilege of the floor of both Houses: he received a similar favor from the Constitutional Convention; the people of this and other lands organized public demonstrations in his honor; France knighted him, Louis XVI presented him with a gold-mounted sword, Denmark pensioned him, Catharine of Russia created him an admiral, conferred upon him imperial decorations, and loaded him with marks of distinction. If he had lived a little longer, he would in all probability have been named admiral of France. The rugged sailor had compelled the recognition of genius; the Scottish peasant boy bad broken down the barriers of caste.

In life he was perhaps the most conspicuous personage on two continents, and yet the moment he was placed beneath the ground some strange fate seemed to decree that he was to be snatched from history and relegated to fiction. No inscription was engraved upon his coffin, no statue was erected in his honor, no ship was given his name, no public building was called after him. It required six years of research to find the apartment in which he had lived in Paris and held his brilliant salons, which were attended by the foremost celebrities of the period, and as long a time to discover his unmarked and forgotten grave.

When finally his exact place of burial had been definitely located by authentic documents

and other positive evidence, the ground exhibited so repulsive an appearance that the aspect was painful beyond expression. There was presented the spectacle of a hero who had once been the idol of the American people lying for more than a century, like an obscure outcast, in an abandoned cemetary which had been covered later by a dump pile to a height of 15 feet, where dogs and horses had been buried, and the soil was soaked with polluted waters from undrained As busy feet tramped over the laundries. ground, the spirit of the hero who lay beneath might well have been moved to cry, in the words of the motto on his first flag, not in defiance, but in supplication then, "Don't tread on me." No American citizen, upon contemplating on the spot those painful circumstances, could have shrunk from an attempt to secure for his remains a more deserving sepulcher.

All that is mortal of the conqueror of the Serapis lies in yonder coffin. He bore the standard of his country for the first time to France; he returned with it draped upon his bier. That generous land, our traditional friend and former ally, now sends a squadron of her noble war ships to unite in doing honor to the memory of an illustrious brother sailor.

When Congress adopted the present form of the American flag, it embodied in the same resolution the appointment of Capt. John Paul Jones to command the ship **Ranger.** When he received the news history attributes to him this remark: "The flag and I are twins; born the same hour, from the same womb of destiny, we can not be parted in life or in death." Alas! they were parted during a hundred and thirteen years, but, happily, they are now reunited.

It was deemed well to bring back his body, in the belief that it would bring back his memory. Time has shed a clearer light upon his acts; distance has brought him into the proper focus to be viewed. A tree is best measured when it is down. His honored remains will be laid to rest in this historic spot in a mausoleum befitting his fame, but his true sepulcher will be the hearts of his countrymen. Generations yet to come will pause to read the inscription on his tomb, and its mute eloquence will plead for equal sacrifice should war again threaten the nation's life.

He was a lesson to his contempories; he will ever be an inspiration to his successors, for example teaches more than precept and patterns are better followed than rules.

He was taken all too soon from the living here to join the other living, commonly called the dead. When he passed the portals of eternity, earth mourned one hero less. We shall not meet him till he stands forth to answer to his name at roll call when the great of earth are summoned on the morning of the last great reveille. Till then, farewell, noblest of all spirits, bravest of all hearts. The simplicity of the rugged sailor was mingled with the heroic grandeur of your

nature. Whenever blows fell thickest, your crest was in their midst. The story of your life rises to the sublimity of an epic. Untitled knight of the blue waters, "Wrathful Achilles of the Ocean," conqueror of the conquerors of the sea, the recollection of your deeds will never cease to thrill men with the splendor of events and inspire them with the majesty of achievement. You honored the generation in which you lived, and future ages will be illumed by the brightness of your glory.

JOHN PAUL JONES.

Extract from the book, "Memoirs of a Southern Woman" by Mary Polk Branch

I was also much interested in my mother's recital of the visit of John Paul Jones to her grandfather, which was not many years before her birth.

He went to Virginia to administer upon the estate of his brother, who had died the previous year, 1774. Halifax was then a notable and very gay place.

It so happened that the first congress of the then independent State of North Carolina met there. Paul was there and met the most prominent men among them, the Jones brothers, Allen and Wyley.

They were very much pleased with his bold, frank, sailorlike manner, and invited him to visit them, Allen at his home, "Mount Gallant," and Wyley at the "Grove." These homes were noted for their hospitality, and John Paul not only entered with zest into the sports of the day, but was much impressed with the political dis-

WYLEY JONES

JOSEPH HEWES

ALLEN JONES

cussions between the two brothers, their views differing entirely.

He there met not only the great leaders of the day, but also their wives, some of them brilliant and cultured, their conversation elevating and instructive. He had access at their homes to the finest libraries, and to their halls, where hung pictures from England.

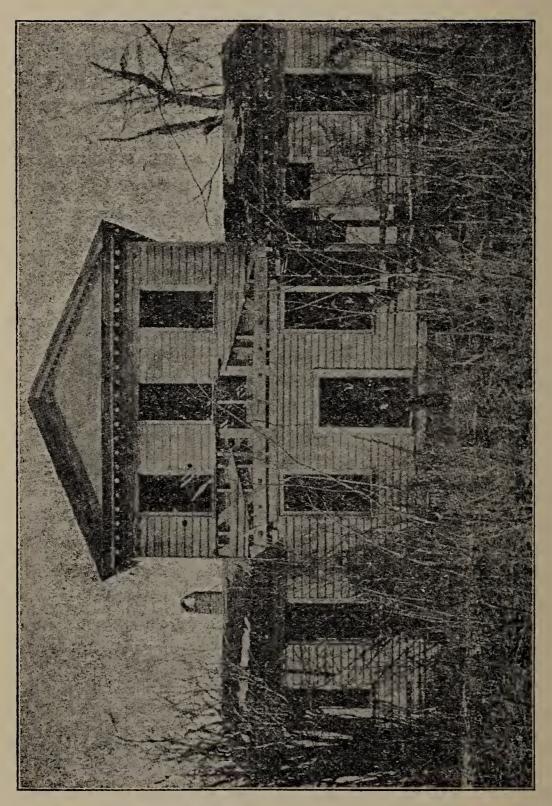
He remained at the homes of these two brothers for two years, and had the good fortune to meet there Joseph Hewes, of Edenton, who was a power in the politics of the time. He was a delegate to the First Provincial Congress, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and was Chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs.

The Jones brothers appealed to Hewes and through his instrumentality, Congress gave to John Paul the position of lieutenant in the navy, It was said that the brothers also assisted him with funds. Before this John Paul had changed his name to Jones, saying to the brothers, "He would make them proud of it."

This compliment was intended for the brothers, but also for Mrs. Wyley Jones, of whom he was a special admirer.

Why John Paul added Jones to his name has been much discussed of late.

Mrs. A. L. Robinson, a great-granddaughter of Gen. Allen Jones, published not long since an account of Paul's friendship with Allen and Wyley Jones. The outline of his life is briefly



told. John Paul, the son of a gardener, was born July 6, 1747, at Ardingland, Scotland. At the age of twelve he went to sea. The death of his brother in Virginia, whose heir he was, induced him to settle in America. This was in 1773. It was then he added to his name, and was thenceforth known as Paul Jones. This was done in compliment to one of the noted statesmen of that day. It appears before permanently settling in Virginia, moved by the restlessness of his old seafaring life, he wandered about the country, finally settling in North Carolina. There he became acquainted with two brothers, Wyley and Allen Jones. They were both leaders in their day and were honored in their generation.

Allen Jones was orator, and silver-tongued Wyley was the foremost man of his State. The home of the latter, "Grove," near Halifax, was not only the resort of the cultured, but the home of the homeless, Mrs. Wyley Jones having sometimes twenty orphan girls under her charge. It was here that the young adventurer, John Paul, was first touched by those gentler influences, which changed not only his name but himself, from the rough and reckless mariner into the polished man of society, who was the companion of kings, and the lion and pet of Parisian salons. The kindness of the brothers found expression in the adoption of their name. The truth of this statement is not only attested by the descendants of Allen and Wyley Jones, but by the nephew and representative of Paul Jones, Mr.



Lowden, of Charleston, South Carolina, In 1846 this gentleman was in Washington awaiting the passage of a bill by Congress awarding him the land claim of his uncle, Paul Jones, which had been allowed by the executive of Virginia, Hon. E. W. Hubard, then a member of Congress from Virginia, and who had in 1844 prepared a report on Virginia land claims, in which the committee endorsed that of Paul Jones. This naturally attracted Mr. Lowden to him, and learning that Mrs. Hubard was a descendant of Wyley Jones, he repeated to both Mr. Hubard and Mrs. Hubard the cause of his uncle's change in name, and added that among his pictures hung a portrait of Allen Jones.

Mrs. Ellet, in her "Women of the Revolution," says, "The tone of public opinion in Halifax was very much influenced by three women, who were rendered prominent by the position of their husbands, and by their own talents, and example. They were Mrs. Wylie Jones, Mrs. Allen Jones and Mrs. Nicholas Long. Their husbands were men of cultivated minds, wealth and high consideration, having great influence in public councils.

Neither Allen Jones nor his brother Wylie left any male descendant. Consequently, we have no relatives who bear the name of Jones, through Robin, but through the marriage of his great-granddaughter, Rebecca Jones Long, to Maj. Cadwalader Jones, they bear the name of Jones. Wylie had a son who died very young.

THE JONES FAMILY

1680. Robin Jones, "The Emigrant."
Robin Jones the second.
Robin Jones the third.

-From Isaac Cobb's Bible, "His Book," 1703.

Issue: Sarah Cobb.

1737. Robin Jones the third married Sarah Cobb. Issue:

- 1. Allen, who married three times.
- 2. Wylley, married Mary Mumford.
- 3. Martha Cobb, married Dr. Thomas Gilchrist.

Robin married second wife, Mary Eaton, with whom he lived unhappily. He said in his will, "What he gave her in lieu of dower was more than she deserved." Their only child, Elizabeth, married Benjamin Williams, Governor of North Carolina, August, 1781.

1762. Allen married first wife, Mary Haynes.

Issue:

Sarah, married Hon. William Davie, United States Minister to France.

Martha Cobb, married Judge John Sitgreaves.

Mary, married General Thomas Eaton.

September, 1768. Allen Jones married second wife, Rebecca Edwards.

Issue:

Rebecca Jones, married Lunsford Long.

Issue of Rebecca Jones and Lunsford Long:

Rebecca, who married Col. Cadwalader Jones.

Mary, married Dr. William Polk.

Mrs. Allen Jones, nee Rebecca Edwards, was remarkable for her great beauty, and also noted for the beauty of the feet and high instep.

1776. Wyley Jones, married Mary Mumford.

Issue:

Ann Maria, married Joseph Littlejohn.

Sallie, married Governor Burton, of North Carolina.

Patsey, married Hon. John W. Eppes, of North Carolina.

Issue of Ann Maria and Joseph Littlejohn.

Mary, who married Lewis Williamson, of Tennessee.

Sallie, married C. C. Cherry.

Issue, Lewis Cherry, a banker in Little Rock, Arkansas.

Third. Martha Cobb Jones, daughter of Robin, married Thomas Gilchrist.

Issue:

Grizelda Gilchrist, married Col. William Polk.

Allen, married Dolly Lane, granddaughter of Sir Ralph Lane, Colonial Governor of North Carolina.

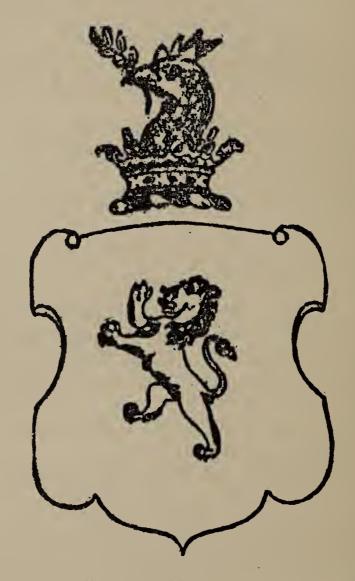
From this marriage the Baxters, of Nashville, are descended.

My father, through his mother, Grizelda Gilchrist, was third in descent from Robin Jones.

My mother, through her mother, Rebecca Jones Long, was fourth in descent from Robin Jones.

Colonel Cadwallader Jones of South Carolina, was, the author believes, the first to record the fact that John Paul changed his name to Jones, while visiting Wylie and Willie Jones of North Carolina, about 1773. Colonel Jones was too modest to be the first writer to record the fact that Paul Jones was a relative of Wylie and Allen Jones. Colonel Jones and the author had the same ancestry in Allen Jones as had, of course, my mother, Mary Jones Branch, who wrote "Memoirs of a Southern Woman."

She did not like to say more than Colonel Jones had said; or more than the Encyclopaedia Britannica. However, there is no doubt that such kinship existed.



JONES-BRANCH FAMILY COAT OF ARMS

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(Hearing, Jan. 25, 1911, on Senate bill 8868, making appropriation to prepare the crypt of the chapel of the Naval academy, Annapolis, for the interment of the remains of Paul Jones. Washington, Govt. print. off., 1911)

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CONTENTS

1. Jones, John Paul, 1747-1792. 2. Barry, John, 1745-1803. I. Porter, Horace, 1837- I. U. S. Legation, Paris.

VICTOR, ORVILLE JAMES, 1827-1910.

Th life and exploits of John Paul Jones, chevalier and rear-admiral. Embracing a full account of his services in the American, French and Russian navies. By O. J. Victor... New York Beadle and Adams, (1867)

2 p. 1., (vii)-viii, (9)-95 p. 16½ cm. (On cover: Lives of great Americans...no. 2) Illustrated cover.

WALDO, SAMUEL PUTNAU, 1780-1826.

Biographical sketches of distinguished American naval heroes in the war of the revolution, between the American republic and the kingdom of Great Britain; comprising sketches of Com. Nicholas Biddle, Com. John Paul Jones, Com. Edward Preble, and Col. Alexander Murray. With incidental allusions to other distinguished characters...By S. Putman Waldo...Hartford, S. Andrus, 1823.

x, (2), (13)-392 p. pl., 2 port. (incl. front) 22 cm.

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1. U. S.—Hist.—Revolution—Naval operations. 2. Biddle, Nicholas, 1750-1778. 3. Jones, John Paul, 1749-1792. 4. Preble, Edward, 1761-1807. 5. Murray, Alexander, 1755-1831. I. Adams, John, pres. U. S., 1735-1826. II. Jefferson, Thomas, pres. U. S., 1743-1826.

WALLACK, W. H.

Paul Jones; or, The pilot of the German ocean. A melodrama, in three acts. Adapted to the New-York theatres by W. H. Wallack, esq. New York, Elton's Dramatic repository and

print store (etc); Boston, Richardson and Lord; (etc.); 1828.

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WARD, JAMES.

...Panl Jones: a naval hero of the American independence...By J. Ward...London, Dean & Son (187-?)

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WEMYSS, MILLICENT ERSKINE.

A notable woman, and other sketches. London and Sydney, Eden, Remington & Co., 1893. ix, I 1., 298 p. 12°.

CONTENTS

A notable woman.—Andre.—Paul Jones.—Lord George Gordon, and the riots of 1780.

CHRONOLOGY

Library and Naval War Records; Navy Department.

- 1747—July 6, Born at Arbigland, Scotland.
- 1759—Apprenticed. Went to sea on the Friendship.
- 1766—Chief mate of the Two Friends, of Kingston, Jamaica.
- 1768—Returned to Scotland in the John.
- 1770—Nov. 27, Made a Freemason (entered apprentice) St. Bernard's Lodge, Kilwinning No. 122. Kirkcudbright, Scotland.
- 1771—Apr. 1, Date of certificate of high approval from owners of the John. Same year visited his family in Scotland for last time.
- 1772—June 30, Date of affidavit sworn to before Governor Young, of Tobago, exonerating Jones from charges made against him.
- 1772—Commanded the Betsey.
- 1773—Assumed the name of Jones in North Carolina.
- 1775—Apr. 25, Wrote to Joseph Hewes, Robert Morris, and Thomas Jefferson desiring a naval appointment.

- 1775—Dec. 7, Jones appointed first of the first lieutenants in the Continental Navy by Congress. Ordered to the Alfred.
- 1775—Dec., Hoisted the American flag on the Alfred, flagship of Commander-in-Chief Esek Hopkins.
- 1776—Aug. 8, Received a captain's commission from the President of Congress. "The first naval commission under the United States," or "since the Declaration of Independence."
- 1777—Mar. 17, Appointed by Congress to command one of the three ships purchased "until a better can be had."
- 1777—June 14, Ordered to command the Ranger, first called the Hampshire, building at Portsmouth, N. H.; and Stars and Stripes adopted as National ensign by act of Congress.
- 1777—July 4, Stars and Stripes hoisted on a United States man-of-war for first time; the Ranger, or the Raleigh.
- 1778—Feb. 14, Received from Admiral La Motte Piquet, commanding French squadron, first salute to the Stars and Stripes from a foreign power. Gave 13 and received 9 guns.
- 1779—Feb. 4, The King of France gave Jones the Duras; to be fitted out and manned by him. Permission given to change name to Bonhomme Richard, in compliment to Doctor Franklin.

- 1779—Sept. 23, Captured H. B. M. S. Serapis and Countess of Scarborough off Flamborough Head, England.
- 1779—Sept. 25, The Bonhomme Richard sank between 10 and 11 a.m., her flag flying as she went down. Nothing saved but the signal flags.
- 1780—May 1, Festival in Jones's honor given by the Masonic Lodge of Les Neuf Soeurs, Paris. This lodge ordered Jones's bust to be made by Jean Houdon.
- 1780—May, Informed that King Louis XVI had awarded him the Order of Military Merit and a gold sword.
- 1780—June 22, The Serapis sold at l'Orient for 240,000 livres to the King of France.
- 1780—July 21, The gold sword presented to Jones. He is received by the King at Versailles.
- 1781—Feb. 27, Congress passed resolutions commending Jones. Praised his brilliant victory. Authorized his acceptance of decoration of Order of Military Merit from Louis XVI.
- 1781—Mar. 21, Jones sent replies to the 47 questions from the Board of Admiralty. About this time he was invested with the Order of Military Merit, became a "Chevalier," and was permitted to wear the decoration.
- 1781—Apr. 14, Thanks of Congress given to Capt. John Paul Jones, his officers and men.

- 1781—June 26, Made statement to Board of Admiralty of amount of pay due him from December 7, 1775 (£1,400 5s).
- 1782—May 13, Birth of the Dauphin of France announced. All commanding officers ordered by Congress to celebrate it.
- 1783—Nov. 1, Appointed United States prize agent by Congress; to act under minister plenipotentiary at Paris.
- 1784—"Life of Louis XVI," by John Paul Jones, published in London.
- 1787—spring, Left Paris for Copenhagen to settle prize claims in Denmark. Turned back from Brussels and sailed for the United States.
- 1787—July 18, In New York. Wrote John Jay that he will soon return to Copenhagen. Spent summer in Pennsylvania. Urged Congress to do something for relief of Americans in Algiers.
- 1787—Oct. 16, Gold medal ordered by Congress for Jones.
- 1787—Nov. 11, Sailed from New York; vessel bound for Holland; captain of vessel promised to land him in France. Landed him at Dover. Passed some days in London.
- 1787—Dec. 20, Announced his arrival at Paris.

 Was informed that Russia would like to have him command Black Sea fleet.

- 1788—Feb. 1, Interviewed by M. Simolin, minister from Russia to France, at house of Chevalier Littlepage.
- 1788—Mar. 25, Informed Jefferson regarding Russian offer.
- 1788—Apr. 4, Jones awarded a pension of 1,500 crowns a year by Denmark in recognition of respect shown Danish flag when in the North Sea.
- 1788—Apr. 18, Jefferson informed of the termination of the Danish mission, and that Jones has decided to enter the Russian service.
- 1788—Mar. or Apr., Grade of captain commandant with rank of major-general offered Jones by Empress of Russia through Baron Krudner.
- 1788—Apr. 23, Arrived at St. Petersburg after dangerous journey.
- 1788—Apr. 25, First audience with Empress Catherine II of Russia.
- 1788—May 7, Jones left Catherine's palace with a letter from her to Prince Potemkin at St. Elizabeth.
- 1788—May 19, Arrived at St. Elizabeth; was ordered to command of Russian fleet in the Liman.
- 1788—June 6, Successful engagement with the Turkish fleet. Turks driven back. Jones commanded in person the flotilla of the Prince of Nassau and his own ships.

- 1788—June 8, Potemkin thanked Jones for his victory of June 7, over the Turks. The Order of St. Anne presented him in recognition of this service to Russia.
- 1788—June 17, Jones engaged the Turks. Captain Pacha driven back.
- 1788—June 29, Jones received a warning letter from Prince Potemkin.
- 1788—July 28, Jefferson informed Mr. Cutting of Jones's brilliant victory over the Turks.
- 1788—Aug. 1, Jones neglected to salute flag of Vice-Admiral Prince of Nassau-Siegen.
- 1788—Aug. 19, Potemkin proposed by letter that Jones take command of the Sebastopol fleet.
- 1788—Oct. 10, Jones to relinquish command of the fleet. Lieutenant Edwards, one of his officers, failed in attempt to dislodge a gun from one of enemy's ships.
- 1788—Oct. 13, Ordered by Potemkin to drive back Captain Pacha. Insinuations in wording of letter resented by Jones.
- 1788—Oct. 18, Informed that Admiral Mordwinoff had been ordered to supersede him in
 command of squadron.
 Ordered by Empress Catherine to proceed
 to St. Petersburg for service in the North
 Sea. Order addressed to Jones as viceadmiral.
- 1788—Oct. 31, Recommended by Potemkin to Empress Catherine for zeal displayed in her service.

- 1788—Nov. 9, Embarked in an open galley for Cherson. Suffered greatly on the journey.
- 1788—Dec. 31, Audience with the Empress Catherine II of Russia.
- 1789—Apr. 13, Forwarded to Prince Potemkin proof of his innocence of a slander against him.
- 1789—June 27, Informed that he has been granted leave for two years, with all appointments belonging to his military rank, by Her Imperial Majesty.
- 1789—July 7, Took leave of Catherine II.
- 1789—July 21, Count de Segur defended Jones against slanders.
- 1789—Sept. —, Left St. Petersburg for Warsaw.
- 1789—Dec. 29, Justified his conduct in Russia to Baron Krudner.
- 1790—Feb. 9, All calumny removed by Count de Segur.
- 1790—Apr. —, In England attending to private business. Received with distinction. Returned to Paris.
- 1791—Feb. 25, Asked Empress Catherine to cancel his leave if she does not require his service. Sent her his "Journal of the Liman Campaign."
- 1792—June 1, "Admiral John Paul Jones's" appointment as United States Commissioner to treat with the Bey of Algiers for the release of captive Americans, confirmed by Congress.

- 1792—July 18, Admiral John Paul Jones died in Paris at his residence, No. 42 Rue de Tournon. Gouverneur Morris had drawn up his will a few hours previous to his death.
- 1792—July 19, M. Le Brun announced Jones's death to the National Assembly (of France).
- 1792—July 20, Body put in a leaden coffin to be convenient for removal to the United States when desired.
- 1831—Lieut. A. B. Pinkham, U. S. Navy, while traveling in Scotland, visited the birth-place of Jones, and had the house in which Jones was born restored at his own expense.
- 1831—June 13, William P. Taylor, nephew of John Paul Jones, appointed midshipman United States Navy, died December 14, 1836.
- 1834—June 30, Congress authorized that a frigate be named John Paul Jones. Not carried out.
- 1844—Jan. 31, Heirs of Jones petitioned Congress for land in Virginia that had belonged to him.
- 1847—Dec. 28, Colonel Sherburne wrote to Hon. R. Rush, minister to France, with regard to removal of Jones's remains.

- 1905—Feb. 9, Gen. Horace Porter, United States ambassador to France, announced that he had located the burial place of John Paul Jones.
- 1905—Feb. 14, President Roosevelt transmitted General Porter's report to Congress. Recommended appropriation of \$35,000 to defray expense of search in Cemetery St. Louis (no such appropriation was made).
- 1905—Feb. 22, At banquet in Paris General Porter stated that after a search of five years he had found the long-sought site.
- 1905—June 18, Squadron under command of Rear-Admiral C. D. Sigsbee, sailed for France to bring John Paul Jones's body to the United States.
- 1905—July 6, Body of John Paul Jones delivered by Ambassador Porter to Assistant Secretary of State Loomis, and by him delivered to Rear-Admiral Sigsbee in the American Church of the Holy Trinity, Rue de l'Alma, Paris, with appropriate ceremonies.
- 1905—July 24, Body of John Paul Jones placed in brick vault, Naval Academy grounds, Annapolis, with religious and military ceremonies.
- 1905—Dec. 4, 6, Bills introduced in Congress by Senator Lodge and Representative Currier for the erection of a monument to John Paul Jones in Washington, D. C.

- 1906—Apr. 24, Commemorative ceremonies held in the armony of the Naval Academy, Annapolis.
- 1906—June 8, Bill for the erection of monument to John Paul Jones approved.
- 1906—June 11, Portrait of John Paul Jones, painted by Miss Cecelia Beaux, presented to the Naval Academy by the class of 1881.

PARAGRAPHS

"I trust Providence."

"It is a maxim with me to do my best and leave the rest to Providence."

"Heaven can never countenance the barbarous and unmanly practice of the enemy in America."

"I have not drawn my sword, in our glorious cause for hire, but in support of human dignity; and obedience to the genuine and divine feelings of the philanthropy."

"I regret the calamities of war, and wish, above all things, for an honorable, happy and lasting peace."

"God knows I have not been to blame for these events."

"Insulted Freedom bled—I felt her cause, and drew my sword to vindicate her Laws."

"From principle, and not from vain applause! I have done my best; interest far apart, and self reproach a stranger to my heart."

"The English may hate me, but I will force them to esteem me." "The loss of our worthy friend is indeed a fatal stroke. It is an irreparable misfortune which can only be alleviated by one reflection, that it is the will of God, whose providence has, I hope, other blessings in store for us."

"I was to have been paid, as a Lieutenant of the Navy, \$30.00 per month, and from that date on to date, (1791), \$60.00 per month. Not a cent has yet been paid me; not even the considerable sums I advanced to help carry on the war, some of which I borrowed."

"I can never renounce the glorious title of 'A CITIZEN OF THE UNITED STATES."

"I have the happiness to be loved by officers and men, because I treated them justly, and set them a good example." (This was his Russian officers and men.)

"I love virtue better than reward."

"Briefly, I am satisfied with myself; and I have the happiness to know, that though my enemies may not be converted into friends, yet my name will be always respected by worthy men."

"To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares, it is to eat thy heart with comfortless despairs."

"Paul, to his sisters, commended the following from Popes Universal Prayer,

'Teach me to feel another's woe, To hide the fault I see; That mercy I to others show, Such mercy show to me.'"







